National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XV. NO. 52. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1855. WHOLE NO. 780.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY (ON SATURDAY),
At $2 per annum,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

THE STANDARD.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The XXIId Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was celebrated on Wednesday morning, May 9, at the Metropolitan Theatre, in Broadway.

The President of the Society, William Lloyd Garrison, called the meeting to order, and said that, in accordance with the usage of the Society, any person present who felt disposed to offer vocal prayer could do so; the Society left it entirely to the spontaneity of the soul.

The Rev. Mr. Hillier, of the New Jersey Temperance Society, rose from among the audience and delivered an impressive prayer.

The President then read selections of Scripture from the following books: Ezekiel vii., 9–12 v.; Micah iii., 9–12 v.; Obadiah iii., 10, 12, 14, 15 v.; Jeremiah xxvi., 2–16 v.

Mr. Garrison said that the Annual Report would not then be presented, as the time was too limited to listen to it. It would be referred to the subsequent meetings for examination and discussion.

Francis Jackson, of Boston, as Treasurer of the Society, submitted the Annual Report of the Finances, of which the following is an abstract:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Receipts for the year, from May 1st, 1854, to May 1st, 1855, of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and its Auxiliaries in the several States	$35,466 69
Expenditures	29,673 60
Balance to new account	$5,793 09

Wendell Phillips moved to lay the Report upon the table, to be taken up for consideration at future meetings, which was adopted.

The Hutchinson Family were then introduced, and sang a beautiful song, entitled "True Freedom; how to gain it," for which they were warmly applauded.

The subjoined Resolutions were read by the President, and warmly approved by the audience:

Resolved, That, of all systems of despotism existing in the world, American Slavery is the most merciless to its victims, the most impious in its assumptions, the most murderous in its spirit, the most demoralizing in its influences, the most hideous in its features, and the most calamitous in its operations.

Resolved, That its immediate and unconditional abolition is the primary and paramount duty of this nation, before which all other questions fade into insignificance, all other issues are as dust in the balance.

Resolved, That for the continuance and extension of Slavery on our soil the American Church and clergy, with honourable but rare exceptions, are preëminently guilty; and that they have thrown over it the mantle of Christianity, declared it to be in accordance with the will and word of God, branded the Anti-Slavery movement as infidel in its spirit and object, and admitted to the communion table such as make merchandise of human bodies and immortal souls.

Resolved, That such a Church is, in the graphic language of Scripture, "A cage of unclean birds and the synagogue of Satan," and that such religious teachers are "wolves in sheep's clothing," "watchmen that are blind," "shepherds that cannot understand, that all look to their own way, every one for his gain from his quarter."

Resolved, That, in the language of Patrick Henry, "It is a duty we owe the purity of our religion to show that it is at variance with that law which warrants slavery."

The President then addressed the audience, as follows:

MR. GARRISON'S SPEECH.

I am almost totally at variance with the slaveholding portion of this great nation; but in one thing I am at entire agreement with them. I agree entirely with the declaration of the *Richmond Examiner*, to this effect:

> "There is no intelligent man, of any party or section of the United States, who does not know and feel that the question of Slavery is the vital question of this Republic—more important in its bearings upon the destiny of the American people than all other questions, moral, political, and religious, combined. Politicians may cry peace; but there is no peace for the slaveholder."

I endorse this statement as true in every particular. There is but one great issue before this nation; there is but *one* issue; and that pertains to the triumph either of liberty or slavery—either to the salvation or to the overthrow of our republic. It is also true that "there is no peace for the slaveholder"; and while there lives on the American soil one human being in whose bosom there is a spark of liberty left alive, there shall be no peace to the slaveholder until he repents (applause).

In the year 1829, I went from the old Bay State to the city of Baltimore, for the purpose of editing an anti-slavery journal, with a design expressly and exclusively to seek the liberation of two millions of slaves at that period held in bondage, whose complexion differed from my own. Little did I dream at that hour that it was not simply the cause of the black man that I went there to plead, but the cause of every man living in this country; that it was a question wide as the whole world, in the settlement of which there is no nation or people not directly interested. Little did I think that I went there to seek the liberty of white men. What had I to desire at that time? I was an American citizen, recognised as such; the star-spangled banner waved over my head triumphantly; I had my constitutional rights guaranteed to me; the whole land was my country; wherever I might choose to go, I could travel safely; whenever I wished to speak, I could give free utterance to my thought. So it seemed to me then; so I then verily supposed; and in that respect it was a work of disinterested philanthropy to seek the deliverance of those who had no flag waving over their heads to protect them, no constitutional guaranties whereby their rights could be protected, no country which they could call their own. But in all this I found, at last, that I was entirely mistaken. I only, at that time, saw "men as trees walking"—only saw the black man; but now I see the white man—I see all men in this country, and, so far as this country has any influence upon the destinies of the world, I see all mankind embraced in this great question, directly or indirectly. In regard to constitutional rights, I stand here not having forfeited my right to go where I please in the United States; I have a right to speak where I please and as I please; but you all know that for me there is no country that I can call my own—that in two-thirds of the territory of this nation I may not venture, except at the peril of my life. My crime is, that I believe in the Declaration of American Independence, and in its being carried out impartially towards all human beings existing on American soil. No man complains of me that I have injured him personally. I have sought no man's detriment, and I have endeavoured to do humbly what I might to aid and to bless the land of my birth. But I am an outlaw to-day. There is no constitution for me; there is no nation for me; there is no law to protect me as an American citizen; and so the struggle has become a struggle for all men who desire to possess liberty in their own persons and to see liberty prevail throughout the earth. My case is singular only because other men have not borne their testimony against this sum of all villanies. No matter who the man may be who shall desire to arraign slavery as a sin against God and an outrage upon our common humanity; no matter where the man may stand, or what may be his present popularity, or what may be the number of his friends, the moment he shall dare to call in question the divinity of slavery and its right to exist on our soil, the moment he shall say that it ought to be abolished sometime or other, a little while at least before the day of Judgment, if he says no more than that, he shall find that he can no longer travel safely in the Southern States, and that he is to that extent an outlaw in that portion of the country.

I wish to give a little documentary evidence as it respects the treatment of the friends of freedom at the South. Let me give you what a *reverend* gentleman—the Rev. Mr. Brownlow—says ought to be the treatment of all those found at the South who have in their hearts any opposition to the horrible system of slavery. In his paper he says:

> "The true-hearted citizens of East Tennessee, and property holders, ought to enter into *leagues*, and whip, black, and ride on a rail, irrespective of age, calling, or family associations, every preacher, citizen or traveller who dares to utter one word in opposition to slavery, or who is found in possession of an Abolition document. These are our sentiments, and we are willing and ready to help others to carry them out."

This is a specimen of Southern piety; it is a *reverend* gentleman who says this—that every preacher who dares to utter a single word against slavery ought to be tarred and feathered, and ridden on a rail, and otherwise despitefully used and ill-treated, because of his opposition to slavery; and he says he is quite ready, for one, to help put on the tar and hold the rail.

Not long since, a man had to flee for his life from Missouri; on what account? He had said nothing there against slavery; the accusation is not that he undertook to meddle with the slave question on the soil of Missouri. What did he do that made it necessary for him finally to flee for his life? He wrote a letter to a friend in New Hampshire, the State from which he came. He was a school-teacher in Missouri, and the letter, accidentally, or by design, got opened at the post-office, and he was detected in having written to his friend in New Hampshire these sentiments:

> "For Southern men, born and nurtured in the midst of slavery, and even taught to believe it is right and to uphold it, I have the deepest sympathy and respect; but for that Northern man whose education, conscience and experience all teach him better, and yet who comes here and becomes the apologist for, and uses his influence in favour of slavery, I have the most unmitigated contempt, [illegible] of principle to selfish ends, and proving recreant to that which every Northern freeman especially must feel and know is the vitality of our Republic, the safeguard to society, the element of national prosperity in every institution that tends to elevate and dignify man."

That was all that he did. He had respect and sympathy for southern slaveholders born and nurtured in the midst of slavery and surrounded by that institution, but for northern men who went South and became slaveholders, and the worst defenders of the system, he had nothing but contempt. He put these sentiments on paper, in a letter intended to be seen by no other person than the one to whom it was addressed in the State of New Hampshire; and yet, as soon as it was known what he had written, he had to flee for his life. I will give you what the editor of the *Mississippian* says on the subject:

> "Thus did the base wretch play the assassin on those who supported him—cherishing and propagating sentiments at war with their rights—fanning the flame of fanaticism while living in the South and enjoying her means and hospitality. Of course, Jackson was a little too hot a place for him, and he at once absented himself. We hope our brethren of the press will pass him around. He is described as a man about 25 years of age, tall, with fair complexion and black whiskers."

And so he is to be identified somewhere, if possible, in the South; and if found, he is to be lynched. What becomes of your star-spangled banner? (Applause.) What is the value of the American Constitution? Where, I ask, in the name of God, is the American Union, and what is it? To this complexion it has come at last, that a man may not put on paper a single word of reprobation of the conduct of northern men going to the South and becoming slaveholders, without being compelled, if detected, to flee for his life out of the southern portion of our country. This is the spirit of the South.

I said I began this enterprise with the design exclusively of emancipating black people, not dreaming that white people were held in bondage, or that any of them would be liable to be made slaves of, and yet, at this very time, there is a case on trial in New Orleans in which a white female is claimed as a slave. The suit is yet pending, and the *New Orleans Delta* of the 12th inst. says:

> "A suit was yesterday filed in the Sixth District Court on behalf of Josephine Smith, alias Barrett, in which the allegations are as follows: That she is wrongfully and illegally claimed as a slave, by Lionel C. Levy, whose residence is in the city of New Orleans, and by Joseph Cohen, who resides at Charleston, South Carolina."

What does she say for herself?

> "She alleges that when she lived in the house of said Barrett, she lived there as a free white member of his family, and that said Barrett then, and at all other times, treated her and presented her to the world as his own daughter, and as being both free and white. Petitioner further alleges that she has always associated with white persons, and has been considered a free white person; that she was educated as a free white person at both English and French schools, where none but white children were knowingly admitted; that the said Barrett recognised her in various ways and at all times from her childhood to his death as free and white, and used to take her to the public theatres, and seat her with himself in the dress circle, where none but white persons were knowingly admitted."

This is the person claimed to-day as a slave in the State of Louisiana. I need not say to any of you in this audience who are familiar with the complexion of the slave system, through the bleaching process at the present time, that the day has gone by for any distinction on the ground of colour, and that persons of as fair complexion as can be found in the world are now groaning in the prison-house at the South, and are all the more valuable on account of their white complexion, if they are females, because they can then be sold for brutal purposes. You see, therefore, that we are all interested in this matter; that no person can say I am safe, my wife is safe, my mother or my child is safe; that complexion settles the question in America, that none but black people can be enslaved. Slavery cares not for anybody's complexion; no person is safe.

Little did I think when I went to Baltimore that I went there to rescue Christianity from the foulest stigma ever cast upon it, for at that time it was not the fashion to run to the Bible to vindicate slavery as a Divine institution. Now, all over the South, and, indeed, all over the country, with exceptions, they who claim to be the authorized expounders of the Word of God undertake to prove that slavery is in accordance with the Old and New Testament, is consistent with natural and revealed religion, and, consequently, as a logical deduction, that the Anti-Slavery movement is an infidel movement, conflicting with the will and word of God. We have to vindicate the Christianity of Jesus Christ. We declare for ourselves that there is no stain of blood upon it; that there is no oppression whatever which it sanctions; that it recognises the brotherhood of the human race; that every human being is a dear child of God, and that all are alike precious in his estimation; and we affirm that whoever says that Jesus Christ winked at slavery, connived at it or sanctioned it, is one who casts the foulest imputation upon the character of Jesus Christ; and if he says that Christianity, as revealed, exemplified and vindicated in the person of Jesus Christ, sustains and sanctions that system, "he is a liar and the truth is not in him" (applause). I did not suppose that slavery would at last find so much of support, on the part of the nation, as to dare to throw off the mask and avow its purpose of eternizing itself on the American soil. But the hour has come for it to throw away the mask. It has done so; it is against all mitigation of the system. In the language of the *Richmond Examiner*, it says:

> "It is all an hallucination to suppose that we are ever going to get rid of slavery, or that it will ever be desirable to do so. It is a thing that we cannot do without—that is righteous, profitable and permanent, and that belongs to Southern society as inherently, intrinsically and durably as the white race itself. Southern men should act as if the canopy of heaven were inscribed with a covenant, in letters of fire, that the negro is here, and here forever—is our property, and ours forever—is never to be emancipated—is to be kept hard at work and in rigid subjection all his days."

This is now the attitude of the whole body of slaveholders in our country—that slavery is a part of our national existence; that they no more dream of getting rid of it than they do of committing suicide; that it is indispensable to the safety and the prosperity of the republic. They are hostile to every form of mitigation.

There are those who say they cannot go with the Abolitionists in denouncing slavery, as such, as intrinsically evil. It is a system, they tell us, which has many abuses, and they are in favour of having the abuses all removed. What are the abuses of the slave system? I never knew any such person to define those abuses, or attempt to remove them, if he himself could understand what they are. It seems to me, that we, as human beings, as fathers and mothers, as brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, might easily come to the conclusion that the putting of a father, a mother, a husband, a wife, a child on the auction block, to be sold to the highest bidder, was an abuse, an outrageous abuse of slavery, if you please, something that ought to be put away forever. Well, a few months since, the Governor of Alabama seemed to think so too, and so, in his message to the Legislature of that State, he submitted a recommendation that a law should be passed by which children under a certain age, five years, should not be allowed to be taken from their parents and sold away. The *Richmond Enquirer*, an oracular paper on this subject, came down upon the Governor of Alabama with much indignation, and said:

> "This recommendation strikes us as being most unwise and impolitic. If slaves are property, then should they be at the absolute disposal of the master, or be subject only to such legal provisions as are designed for the protection of life and limb. If the relation of master and slave be infringed for one purpose, it would be difficult to fix any limit to the encroachment. If the slaveholder yield one point to the demands of Abolition fanaticism, he will but embolden the spirit which he aims to conciliate, and will be driven to some more substantial concession."

The recommendation of the Governor fell to the ground, and nobody gave any heed to it, and the whole South to-day stands in the attitude of a determination to make slavery eternal—never to mitigate any of its features, but to keep it always just what it is.

I did not expect to live to see such a development as this; but it shows what the crisis is in which we find ourselves. I did not suppose, when I began, that we should be called upon to advocate the dissolution of the union existing religiously between the North and South; but the hour has come when we must separate, or else our souls must be stained with the blood of the slave. How any man who can put two ideas together, who can calculate that two and two make four, can suppose, for a moment, that there can exist, by any possibility, a union between slavery and anti-slavery, between freemen and slaveholders, is to me inexplicable. The very terms indicate everlasting antagonism and undying hostility. The one party in favour of justice, humanity and freedom, and the other party in favour of oppression, and cruelty, and blood—how can they walk together? I fully agree with the *Mobile Tribune* on this subject, when it says:

> "No man with any knowledge, in the South, can for a moment believe that there is or can be any harmony between the Christian organizations of the Free and the Slave States. Why, then, patch up and endeavour to check the disruption which will presently be inevitable between them."

Yes, I ask the clergy who will assemble, within a week, in the city of New York—the clergy North and the members of the churches North, who are here assembled—why this attempt to patch up a false union between yourselves and the slaveholders of the South? Their condition of religious union is that you shall acknowledge slavery as divinely instituted; as sustained by the Old and New Testaments; and that you shall declare anti-slavery to be infidelity. Unless you shall do this, they will cut the bonds of your union and separate from you. Certainly, the language of the slaveholding South to the Abolitionists is, "No Union, religiously, with Abolitionists." They are consistent men; they cannot, as slaveholders, say otherwise. On our part, as Abolitionists, we meet them as frankly and as directly, and say, "No Union with Slaveholders, religiously"; and so the hour has come that we separate. All this is logical; all this is a moral and a religious necessity.

I did not suppose, twenty-five years ago, that the time would ever come when it would be a duty to advocate the dissolution of the American Union, and yet the hour has come; and now, it is for us to determine whether we shall have any portion of our country left to the cause of freedom and of God, or whether, bowing down and doing the behest of the Slave Power, the whole land shall be hurried to destruction. God knows that I desire no dissolution of any Union worthy of the name. We ought to be one people, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our institutions ought to be homogeneous; our industry ought everywhere to be inspired by the same motives, and freedom ought everywhere to reign. But, if we have a body of men in our country who have obtained the mastery over four millions of the people, to make them their slaves, if they declare to us that they will consider it a crime, not to be forgiven, on the part of any man, to refuse to bow down to their power and to sanction their cruelty; if they are resolved to make every friend of freedom an outlaw, who shall never be permitted to tread on their soil; then, I say that they have dissolved the Union already, and we have got to do one of two things: either to be slaves always, or to declare that we wash our hands of bloodguiltiness in this matter, and leave them to take the dreadful responsibility upon their own heads (applause).

I bring these remarks to a close, not wishing to trespass on your time at greater length, as others are to follow whom you would like to hear, by giving you the views of Dr. Wayland, of Brown University, on this question of the dissolution of the Union, a gentleman of great caution and the utmost circumspection—one who has never given any countenance to the American Anti-Slavery Society, or to any of its operations, and, therefore, one whose words will weigh heavily on the mind of every one who knows who and what Dr. Wayland is. At a great anti-Nebraska meeting, held in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, while the Nebraska bill was before Congress, in the course of a very able and powerful speech made by Dr. Wayland, he said:

> "I value the Union as much as any man. I would cheerfully sacrifice to it everything but Justice, and Truth, and Liberty. When I must surrender these as the price of the Union, the Union becomes at once a thing which I abhor. To form a Union for the sake of perpetuating oppression is to make myself an oppressor. This I cannot be, for I love liberty as much for my neighbour as myself. To sacrifice my liberty for the sake of the Union is impossible. God made me free, and I cannot be in bondage to any man.
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>
> "Taking Christ for my example, and striving to imbibe his spirit, can I do otherwise than to take to my bosom every oppressed and down-trodden child of humanity? Jesus Christ, my master, is not ashamed to call them brethren, and can I have any partnership in an attempt to trample them under foot? The Union itself becomes to me an accursed thing if I must first steep it in the tears and blood of those for whom Christ died."

I ask Dr. Wayland, and every other man, whether we have ever had any other Union than the one which he has here described; whether the tears and blood of the oppressed millions of our land have not always stained that Union; and whether, to purchase the Union at the outset, these oppressed people were not put upon the altar of destruction and have ever since been given over to remediless ruin? I, too, will sacrifice, with Dr. Wayland or with any other man, everything for the Union of this country, except truth, justice and liberty; but, when I am called upon to sacrifice these, I say, no; I will be true to God, to my own soul and to liberty, and let such a Union perish forever (loud applause).

The Hutchinsons then came forward and sang, with their usual depth of feeling and pathos, "The Song of the Fugitive," which was loudly applauded.

Mr. John Mercer Langston, graduate of the Oberlin Institute, a coloured gentleman who has recently been elected Town-Clerk of Brownhelm Township, Ohio, then addressed the meeting.

MR. LANGSTON'S SPEECH.

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen: Some great man has remarked that a nation may lose its liberty in a day and be a century in finding it out. There is not, within the length and breadth of this entire country, from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, a solitary man or woman, who is in the full possession of his or her share of civil, religious and political liberty. This is a startling announcement, perhaps, in the heart and centre of a country loud in its boasts of its free institutions, its democratic organizations, its equality, its justice, and its liberality. We have been in the habit of boasting of our Declaration of Independence, of our Federal Constitution, of the Ordinance of 1787, and various enactments in favour of popular liberty, for so long that we verily believe that we are a free people; and yet I am forced to declare, looking the truth directly in the face and seeing the power of American slavery, that there is not, within the bosom of this entire country, a solitary man or woman who can say, I have my full share of liberty. Let the President of this Society arm himself with the panoply of the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, and the Word of God, and stand up in the presence of the people of South Carolina, and say, I believe in the sentiments contained in the Constitution of my country, in the Declaration of Independence, and in the Word of God respecting the rights of man, and where will be his legal protection? Massachusetts will sit quietly by and see him outraged; the President of the United States will not dare to interfere for his protection; he will be at the mercy of the tyrant slaveholders. Why? Because slavery is the great lord of this country, and there is no power in this nation to-day strong enough to withstand it.

It would afford me great pleasure, Mr. President, to dwell upon the achievements already gained by the Anti-Slavery movement. I know that they have been great and glorious; I know that this movement has taught the American people who the slave is and what his rights are—that he is a man, and is entitled to all the rights of a man; I know that the attention of the public has been called to the consideration of the coloured people, and the attention of the coloured people themselves has been awakened to their own condition, so that, with longing expectations, they begin to say, in the language of the poet:

> "Oh tell me not that I am blessed,
> Nor bid me glory in my lot
> While plebian freemen are oppressed
> With wants and woes that I have not.
> So let a cage, with grates of gold
> And pearly roof, the eagle hold;
> Let dainty viands be his fare,
> And give the captive tend'rest care;
> But say, in luxury's limits pent,
> Find you the king of birds content?
> No; oft he'll sound the startling shriek,
> And beat the grates with angry beak.
> Precarious freedom 's far more dear
> Than all the prison's pampering cheer;
> He longs to seek his Eyrie seat—
> Some cliff on Ocean's lonely shore,
> Whose old bare top the tempests beat
> And on whose base the billows roar;
> When, dashed by gales, they yawn like graves,
> He longs for joy to skim those waves,
> Or rise through tempest shrouded air
> All thick and dark with loud winds swelling,
> To brave the lightning's lurid glare
> And talk with thunders in their dwelling."

As the mountain eagle hates the cage and loathes confinement, and longs to be free, so the coloured man hates chains, loathes confinement and longs to shoulder the responsibilities of a man (applause). He longs to stand in the Church a man; he longs to stand up a man upon the great theatre of life, everywhere a man; for, verily, he is a man, and may well adopt the sentiment of the Roman, Terence, when he said, *Homo sum, et nihil humani a me alienum puto.* I am a man, and there is nothing of humanity, as I think, estranged to me. Yes, the Anti-Slavery movement has done this; and it has done more. It has revolutionized, to a great degree, the theology and religion of this country; it has taught the American people that the Bible is not on the side of American slavery. No, it cannot be. It was written in characters of light across the gateway of the old Mosaic system, "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death." That is the only place in the Scriptures where the matter of chattel slavery is mentioned, and the declaration of the Almighty, through Moses, is: "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death" (applause). Theodore D. Weld was right when he said, "The Spirit of Slavery never takes refuge in the Bible *of its own accord*. The horns of the altar are its last resort. It seizes them, if at all, only in desperation—rushing from the terror of the avenger's arm. Like other unclean spirits, it hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest its deeds should be reproved. Goaded to madness in its conflicts with common sense and natural justice, denied all quarter, and hunted from every covert, it breaks at last into the sacred enclosure, and courses up and down the Bible, seeking rest and finding none. The law of love, streaming from every page, flashes around it an omnipresent anguish and despair. It shrinks from the hated light, and howls under the consuming touch, as the demoniacs recoiled from the Son of God and shrieked, 'Torment us not.' At last it slinks among the shadows of the Mosaic system, and thinks to burrow out of sight among its types and symbols. Vain hope! Its asylum is its sepulchre; its city of refuge, the city of destruction. It rushes from light into the sun; from heat into devouring fire; and, from the voice of God, into the thickest of His thunders."

Yes, the Anti-Slavery movement has taught the American people this, and more than this. It has taught them that no political party established on the basis of ignoring the question of slavery, can live and breathe in the North (applause). Where is the Whig party?

> "Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were;
> A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

The Anti-Slavery movement has dug its grave deep; it has buried it, and is writing for its epitaph, "It was, but is no more" (applause). With Daniel Webster the Whig party breathed its last breath.

And where is the Democratic party? It is in power, but all over it is written, *Mene, mene, tekel upharsin* (applause).

I would like to dwell on these results of the Anti-Slavery movement, but I want to make good, before this audience, my proposition, that there is not, within the length and breadth of this land, a solitary freeman. The American people may be divided into four classes: the slaves, the slaveholders, the non-slaveholding whites and the free people of colour.

I need not undertake to show to this audience that the American slave is deprived of his rights. He has none. He has a body, but it is not his own; he has an intellect, but he cannot think for himself; he has sensibility, but he must feel for another. He can own nothing; all belongs to his master.

Then, as to the slaveholder, we have all got to [illegible] cannot sit on the bench or stand at the bar, in the forum or in the pulpit, and utter a solitary sentiment that could be construed as tending to create insubordination among the free people of colour, and insurrection among the slaves. Look at the press in the Southern States; it is muzzled, and dare not speak out a sentiment in favour of freedom. Let but a sentiment tending towards abolition escape, and what is the consequence? Look at the *Parkville Luminary*, broken to atoms, and the people of that portion of Missouri avowing that that paper never uttered their sentiments or represented their views, and giving thanks to God Almighty that they here had the mob spirit strong enough to destroy that press. Is not this evidence sufficient to show that even slaveholders themselves are not in possession of their full share of civil, religious and political liberty?

As to the great mass of the white people of the North, have they their rights? I recollect, when the anti-slavery people held a Convention at Cleveland, in 1850, the question came up whether they should hold their next National Convention in the city of Washington. The strong political anti-slavery men of the country were there. There were Chase and Lewis, of Ohio; Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky; Lewis Tappan, of New York, and a great many other strong men of the party; and yet when this question came up, how was it decided? That they would not hold the next National Convention at Washington. And what was the reason given? Because the people of that city may use violence towards us! Had the people their full share of liberty, would they have been afraid to go to the capital of the country and there utter their sentiments on the subject of slavery or any other topic?

But to make the fact more apparent, some two years afterwards, the great National Woman's Rights Convention was held in the same city; and there the very same question came up, whether they should hold their next meeting at Washington or Pittsburg. How was it decided? As the question was about being put, Lucy Stone came forward and said, "I am opposed to going to the city of Washington. They buy and sell women there, and they might outrage us." So the Convention voted to hold the next meeting at Pittsburg. Were they in the possession of their full share of liberty? Think of it; our mothers, our wives and our sisters, of the North, dare not go to the capital of the counntry to hold a meeting to discuss the question of the rights of their own sex. And yet the Constitution declares that the "citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the rights and immunities of citizens in the several States."

I now wish to speak of another class, and more at length—of that class which I have the honour to represent—the free people of colour. What is our condition in respect to civil, religious and political liberty? In the State in which I live (Ohio), they do not enjoy the elective franchise, and why? It is owing to the indirect influence of American Slavery. Slavery in Kentucky, the adjoining State, says to the people of Ohio, you must not allow coloured people to vote and be elected to office, because our slaves will hear of it and become restless, and directly we shall have an insurrection and our throats will be cut. And so the people of Ohio say to the coloured people, that they cannot allow them the privilege of voting, notwithstanding the coloured people pay taxes like others, and in the face of the acknowledged principle that taxation and representation should always go together. And I understand that in the State of New York the coloured man is only allowed the elective franchise through a property qualification, which amounts to nothing short of an insult; for it is not the coloured man that votes, but the $250 that he may possess. It is not his manhood, but his money, that is represented. But that is the Yankee idea—the dollar and the cent (laughter). In the State of Ohio, the coloured man has not the privilege of sending his child to the white schools. Nor is he placed even in the penitentiary on a fair footing (laughter). If a coloured man knocks a white man down—perhaps in defence of his rights—he is sent to the penitentiary; and when he gets there, there is no discrimination made between him and the worst white criminal; but when he marches out to take his meal, he is made to march behind the white criminal, and you may see the prisoners marching—horse-thieves in front—coloured people behind (laughter).

All the prejudice against colour that you see in the United States is the fruit of Slavery, and is a most effectual barrier to the rights of the coloured man. In the State of Illinois they have a law, something like this: that if any man comes there with the intent to make it his residence, he shall be taken up and fined $10 for the first offence; and if he is unable to pay it, he is put up and sold, and the proceeds of the sale are to go, first, towards paying the costs that may accrue in the case, and the residue towards the support and maintenance of a charity fund for the benefit of the *poor whites* of that State (laughter). That is a part of the legislation of the State that Stephen A. Douglas has the honour to represent (renewed laughter). The public sentiment that is growing up in this country, however, will soon, I hope, be the death of Douglas and of that sort of legislation (applause).

In the light, therefore, of all the facts, can there be any question that there is no full enjoyment of freedom to any one in this country. Could John Quincy Adams come forth from his mausoleum, shrouded in his grave clothes, and, in the name of the sovereignty of Massachusetts, stand up in Charleston and protest against the imprisonment of the citizens of Massachusetts, as a violation of their constitutional rights, do you think the people of South Carolina would submit to it? Do you think the reverence due to his name and character, or even the habiliments of the grave about him, would protect him from insult and outrage? And so far are the people of this country lost to all sense of shame that many would laugh at such an outrage.

American slavery has corrupted the whole mass of American society. Its influence has pervaded every crevice and cranny of society. But, Mr. President, I am glad to know that a great change is coming on, and that the American people are beginning to feel that the question of slavery is not one which affects the coloured people alone. I am glad to know that they are beginning to feel that it is a national question, in which every man and woman is more or less interested. And when the people of the North shall rise and put on their strength, powerful though slavery is and well-nigh omnipotent, it shall die. It is only for the people to will it, and it is done. But while the Church and the political parties continue to sustain it; while the people bow down at its bloody feet to [illegible] question comes home to us, and it is a practical question, in the language of Mr. Phillips, "shall Liberty die in this country? Has God Almighty scooped out the Mississippi Valley for its grave? Has he lifted up the Rocky Mountains for its monument? Has he set Niagara to hymn its requiem?" Sir, I hope not. I hope that the Mississippi Valley is to be its cradle; that the Rocky Mountains are to be the strong tablets upon which are to be written its glorious triumphs; and that Niagara has been set to hymn its triumphant song (applause). But, my friends, the question is with us, Shall the Declaration of American Independence stand? Shall the Constitution of the United States, if it is Anti-Slavery, stand? Shall our free institutions triumph and our country become the asylum of the oppressed of all climes? Shall our Government become, in the language of ex-Senator Allen, "a democracy which asks nothing but what it concedes, and concedes nothing but what it demands, destructive to despotism, the conservator of liberty, life and property?" May God help the right (applause).

The President said, in view of the fact that one-half of the slave population of the South were women, our poet had asked,

> "When woman's heart is wronged,
> Shall woman's heart be crushed?"

He would leave the answer to be given by the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown (applause).

SPEECH OF REV. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

Mr. President and Friends: I pity the man or woman who does not choose to be identified with the cause of the oppressed. Many a time, when my heart has been full, when I have felt as though I could sympathize with the bondman as bound with him, I found no opportunity to speak, because I was a woman. But, friends, to-day I bless God that, in his Providence, I am a woman, and, though natural diffidence would incline me to refrain from the duty I feel called upon to perform, yet I hope and pray for strength sufficient for the day. It must be that on this occasion, I am mainly indebted to my womanhood for the privilege of being one of the speakers upon this broad anti-slavery platform. Notwithstanding my deficiency and inexperience, I am happy to be associated with some of the most earnest, eloquent and brave advocates of the cause of the bondman; whatever the world may think, I rejoice in being thus identified with the friends and cause of the slave. I trust I shall always be true to my own convictions, and, whenever and wherever I meet the friends of humanity, agreeing to disagree upon all points of difference, that I may agree with them in the great fundamental principles which underlie all anti-oppression movements. Yes, I pity the one who does not choose to be identified with the right; I pity that man and that woman who dare not speak their honest convictions; for then I know that they have been breathing the atmosphere of evils and the malaria of moral death until their moral nature is so diseased that they cannot stand upright in the face of mankind and be true to themselves, to humanity and to God. It is the curse of this nation that it has succeeded in immolating the conscientious judgment of its sons and daughters upon the Moloch altar of public opinion, of custom, of law. Everywhere, men and women are taught to do as the law requires, and so the conscience and judgment are laid away to rest; they are rolled up in a napkin, as it were, and rendered almost useless to their possessor.

When our brother Langston told us that he longed to be a man and to exercise the attributes of his humanity, I thought that it met with a response in each one of our hearts. Have we not all that deep longing to exercise the attributes of our humanity? Let us, then, remember the poor slave who is prevented from being true to his God-given nature in almost every respect. Has not every true American entered into the sanctuary of his own soul and said, in the language of '76, "Give me liberty or give me death"? So let us be free, not only in body, but in mind, and true to our own earnest convictions.

I have sat by the bedside and seen friend and stranger quietly pass away from earth, and I have rejoiced in the thought that I had done nothing to induce that event and that I had neglected nothing to prevent it, and I could consign that departed friend or stranger to that Providence whose decree has gone forth against oppression. But, my friends, turn to the South; look at three and a half millions literally entombed; they are enduring not a single death, but a threefold, nay, a Promethean death; breathing, moving and feeling beings, they are civilly dead, and yet dying continually. Our country has entombed them; she has rolled the great stone against the door of their sepulchre and placed there her sentinels to prevent their escape. Think of the ignorance to which the bondsman is subject. Do you not pity him, thus robbed of that intellectual culture without which the moral cannot flourish? Ignorance, it is said, went into heaven only by the gate-way at the left, below juvenility, and so it is that the black man is saved. Why should we not then feel in behalf of one so wronged and one whose dumb lips cannot speak for himself? Let us throw off the sin which is the great curse of our land; let us be disunited from the evil; let us be disunionists in that sense at least. Let each one of us, at whatever hazard, wash our hands in innocency and be true to ourselves, to humanity and to God.

For one, I profess to be a true democrat, in the proper sense of the term, but I am not ready to yield up my own ideas of right to any majority. And are you, friends? What one of you who believes in the sinfulness of war would dare take upon himself the responsibility of thrusting a sword into the heart of his brother because the majority of his countrymen had ordered it? Responsibilities rest upon us as individuals, and we cannot shirk them off and lay them at the door of those who command the act. There is much in that little stanza of Ezekiel Bigelow—

> "If you take a sword and draw it,
> And should stick a fellow through,
> Government won't answer for it;
> God 'll send the bill to you."

Majorities have rights; they have the right, in a democracy, of making laws—laws that they themselves are solemnly bound to obey; but, surely, they have no right to make laws requiring the minority to disobey the dictates of their own conscience. Minorities should yield obedience where justice is endeavoured to be attained, but not to requirements which are palpably unjust. If slaveholders believe that slavery is right, is sanctioned by natural and revealed religion, let them shoulder the responsibility of it and execute their own laws by which it is upheld; but we who believe in its sinfulness are bound to refuse obedience, and they have no right to require us to aid them in upholding that which we believe to be unjust and cruel. Let us work earnestly, to prove to the world that we are right, and thus compel them to come out [illegible] as a God-sanctioned institution, if they really believe it to be so; and then how long will they stand up in the face of the world and maintain their ground? Bring the slaveholder and his abettor to the test of the golden rule, and it will not be long before the majority will be on our side, instead of his, and the work will be done.

My friends, I rejoice in this anti-slavery movement. I rejoiced, last night, to hear that earnest man [Mr. Wilson], from a heart that, evidently, felt what he said, speak to us upon this great subject. The cause must go forward; it cannot be staid; no, never, while God is God, shall there be a turning back of the impetus towards freedom. No man can predict with certainty the future of this country, but we can predict with certainty the future of freedom; it shall yet reign triumphant throughout the whole world. God only knows the doom of this nation; it may become a wreck; but what is the fate of a nation compared with freedom itself? What are human institutions compared with man? What are the events of the present day compared with the great principles which remain throughout all time? This movement must go forward. In vain have men tried to crush it; in vain have they tried to put down agitation.

There is an old Arabian fable which runs thus: Just after our first parents had sinned and were driven from Paradise, in their wanderings they came upon the burning sands of Arabia. Their feet were blistered and sore, and, weary and sorrowful, they sank down upon the earth and were lost in slumber. While they lay there, an angel passed by, and, pitying their desolate and lonely condition, scattered seeds of trees and flowers about them as they slept, and then went on his way. By and by, Satan, in his wandering up and down the earth, passed that way, and, looking upon the sleepers, said, "Adam I know, and Eve I know, and these burning sands I know"; but, looking at the seeds, he said, "What are these?" And not knowing what they were, he thought it best to cover them out of sight; so, with his cloven foot, he covered them with earth. Presently they took root and sprang up; and when our first parents awoke they found themselves in the midst of a beautiful oasis; there were green trees waving over their heads, and flowers and fruits around them, and everything was beautiful. So the enemies of freedom in this country have been covering up the seeds of liberty until they have taken root down deep in the soil, and are now springing forth ready to bear fruits and flowers in abundance, so that we shall soon find a green oasis where there was naught but burning sands (applause). Let us, then, take hope, for we know that the principles which underlie this movement are founded in everlasting truth (applause).

An old gentleman in the body of the theatre here rose, and, in the usual style of members of the Society of Friends, bore his testimony in favour of the spirit of true liberty and universal brotherhood.

The Hutchinson Family again appeared and sang "The Triumph of Right over Wrong," or the Good Time Coming, which was loudly and enthusiastically applauded.

The President then introduced to the audience Theodore Parker, saying that he was enabled to do so because it was not treason in Massachusetts to speak against oppression (applause). The indictments had fallen to the ground; and instead of sending Theodore Parker to prison for denouncing the Slave Power, the people of Massachusetts had made Judge Loring walk the plank for executing the Fugitive Slave bill.

Mr. Parker then addressed the audience at

some length. His speech will appear next week.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. President: My friend who has just taken his seat was kind enough, when he commenced his remarks, to announce himself as the cloud of rain, and he thought that I should throw over it the rainbow. I think, if you will allow me to change the old hymn, you will agree with me, that

> "The clouds we so much dread
> Are big with eloquence and have broke
> With blessings on our heads." (Applause.)

And whatever else he thinks he has forgotten, he, at least, forgot this remark, and did up his own rainbow (laughter). Certainly, you would not expect me to attempt anything to complete what he has done.

I remember a story in the life of Michael Angelo, when he was brought to a *torso* of Hercules that had been dug up out of the ancient ruins, and asked by the Pope to restore it—to put arms and legs to it. The sculptor went to work twice to frame the remarkable limbs; but when he came a third time to it, he took his hammer and knocked his work to pieces, saying, "Let who will try, but I will not." Now, if the speech to which you have just listened is to be considered in any sense a *torso*, I certainly shall not attempt to add to it, nor to gather up after it. It seems to me that our friend, in his hurry to retire from the platform, has only left unsaid one single remark—one single criticism of the existing state of things, which I almost looked for, and which was needed, I think, to send us away satisfied; and that was, a little more definite statement of what his hopes and fears, to which he alluded, were. He described to us the parties that had arisen under it—the Whig and Democratic—he described to us the efforts that had been made for liberty; he referred us to the great men who had successively appeared in our heavens and gone down; he showed us the American ideas labouring for 60 years; and he showed us the only party that has succeeded in any degree against the Slave Power, being obliged to assume the appearance of a conspiracy and to undermine, in secret, American institutions. Liberty, then, has got to be a conspiracy; it has to be secret; it has to hide itself from the sun; it has to dig its catacombs beneath our Rome. What a commentary on the State of our public affairs!

The Union—it has created Whig and Democrat. It has come down to the vanishing point in its executive. It has increased, the last twelve months, the net work, at home and abroad, of its pro-slavery designs. You cannot speak in Charleston. You may come nearer home. Where are we met? In a theatre in the city of New York. The greatest moral idea of the age cannot find a church to sit in in the Empire City. When our coloured friend quoted that fine sentiment of Terence, who, by birth, was allied to the slaves of his day—*Homo sum, et nihil humani a me alienum puto*—I could not but recollect that when the people of Rome rose to welcome it from the lips of a slave poet, it was in a theatre. And if we were to go back to ancient Rome, where spoke freest and warmest the real humanity and religion of that great city? Was it in the Roman temples or in the theatre?—from the lips of a priest or a play-wright? The Christianity of Rome we judge to have been, then, in her theatre; and to-day, this year, is it not equally true that there is more religion in the New York theatres than in the New York pulpits? (Applause.) Where, this side of Brooklyn ferry, has Uncle Tom's whole gospel been preached anywhere but in a New York theatre? From the Roman day to ours, it is not always under the sacerdotal garb that you find the Christianity of the country. As in Rome, so in America.

My friend painted the nation in its political failure. He might have painted its religious. He painted it in the abortion of its politics. He might have said that it is possible we may have imported the real article from India; for certainly we did not find it at home. But what would you do with such a nation? Can the Know-Nothings save it? There was a midshipman once who was put upon trial, before a board of admirals, to find out whether he knew seamanship enough to pass to a higher grade. One of the old admirals said to him, "If you were on a lee-shore, breakers ahead, your rudder gone, your masts carried away, your anchor lost, what would you do with the ship? Quick, now; you could not have much time for thought under such circumstances." "What! the anchor lost?" said the middy. "Yes, anchor lost; what would you do?" "And the mast gone?" "Yes, I tell you; everything gone—anchor, rudder, mast and all; what would you do?" "Let her go to the devil" (laughter). "Well," says the admiral, "it is the only thing you could do" (renewed laughter). Now, our friend has shown us a Union with the mast gone, the rudder carried away, the anchor lost, from Washington down to Pierce, from the days of Jay and Hamilton down to the *Journal of Commerce* and Dr. Cox (laughter and applause); and he says there is a secret party, a certain conspiracy of American ideas, that can save the machinery which sixty years of experience has proved to be a failure. *I* say, with the middy, "let her go to the devil." She is on a lee-shore; she has lost all her apparatus for further humane progress; she has shown herself incapable of protecting free speech. She has not bred noble parties; you starve out the Gospel at the North; you crush it with lynch-law at the South. The Bible is a forbidden book in one-half of the Union, and it would seem as if it was not read in the other. And this is your result after sixty years. Why is it worth saving? The Know-Nothing party, like a man on the treadmill, will make progress, always moving, but never going an inch ahead, and grinding out nothing. The American idea—it needs new circumstances in which to develop itself. The shell of the nut has rotted; your institutions, your Constitution, your Union have rotted; why? That the germ may spring into nobler proportions under a more favouring heaven and a better growth. The Know-Nothing movement—it is excellent, so long as you confine it to States. Massachusetts has done nobly at home; but I am afraid of this new party when it passes the limits of the State and goes into the tempting arena of National politics—into a union with slaveholding counsellors for national organization. Like all the past attempts to link freedom and slavery together, it is a failure; it must be. Our only lamp for the future is in the past. We have had good men and great men. Then, how can we hope to have any greater for the future? Slavery to be destroyed by action in one section of the Union while it exists in the other? Never; you might as well anchor one-half the ship and expect to let the other go. You might as well attempt to frown with one cheek and smile with the other. There is a gun just heard from Kansas—a slave propagandist shot by a freeman. Like the gun first fired at Lexington, God grant that it may be the prelude to the struggle betwixt Northern and Southern ideas, to be heard around the world (applause)—that the North may awake to the struggle of individual State sovereignties. Let Know-Nothingism interest itself in State sovereignties—not seek for national organizations. Never has there been a national party that has been enabled to serve freedom, and never will there be while slavery exists. In the nature of things, it is not possible. My friend has just demonstrated to us that the Whig party, from the very necessity of its elements, has served nothing but slavery. Those elements will remain the same when the new movement enters the same arena. We must keep it out of it; we must keep it at home. Jefferson said that all of might there was in the united government was owing to the accident of State governments and State sovereignty. Let us save the State sovereignty to fight the battle of liberty over again (applause). Let the Know-Nothing Party of Massachusetts send its Wilsons and its Sumners to the United States Senate or bring them home; I care not which; only let it make the soil of Massachusetts sacred. When it has done that, we have a fulcrum for the lever that will upset slavery. Let us have a Know-Nothing party for New Hampshire, for Vermont, for Ohio; but no national organization; no Sam Houston; no Garrett Davis; no compromises for a Union President. God grant that we have seen the last of such (applause). Let the line go out in Pierce; let it flicker like the Roman line of emperors in Augustus the little, and die there.

This is the only comment that I would make on the eloquent exposition which our friend has given us historically of the past of America and American ideas. The Union—it never has been able to preserve our own institutions even here at home. It never has been able to protect the Northerner in his own State, or in locomotion through the slave States.

And now, friends, not to detain you at all over the time allotted to us, this is my idea of the version of the anti-slavery enterprise which the gentleman who sits behind me inaugurated in 1831. It is to call things by their right names. A lie may keep its throne a whole age longer if it can skulk behind the shield of some fair seeming name. It is a name that makes your spired and turreted buildings into churches, while Christianity is found in your streets helping the drunkard, binding up the broken-hearted and preparing a public opinion that will protect the slave (applause). It is a name that makes you love the Union, while no one of you can put his finger on a single thing that the Union has ever done that tended to progress, to justice or to humanity. The union of the spaniel and his master—the union of Massachusetts and South Carolina! Call things by their right names; it is the gospel of the nineteenth century. Do not be afraid of words; do not speak of patriarchal institutions; speak of men-stealing; do not call the clergyman who stands in a northern pulpit and defends slavery a clergyman of Jesus Christ (applause). Harsh, if you choose, but frank, blunt, palpable, Saxon words; that is what we want; it will fight, if anything can, the capital and the institutions of the country. Our great mission—it is to make ideas more powerful than money; it is to make the majority govern; it is to put society on its right basis, as our friend imaged it in the Rocky Mountains. Massachusetts has done it this year; she has called up to her Legislature the people, and you have heard our friend tell us the result. I would not trust these very people there three years; they would be corrupted. Let us have a fresh, living stream every year; do not send one man back; he has learned too much when he has been in the Legislature a year. Send him back to his native earth, to humanity and popular instincts; then bring him up, and we will make Massachusetts over again and turn the bay of Boston from the gulf of Guinea into what Sam. Adams looked upon as the blue waves of a free State (applause). The time was when anti-slavery men might have reason to dread a mob; the time has gone and the mob is on our side; that is, the popular instinct is on our side; the fresh feelings of the people are on our side, could we get at them. Break to pieces the prestige of your Union, the arrangement of your parties, the claims of your churches—old ideas, the doings of the fathers, the fame of the past—and give us the hearts of these millions, and we will find enough there. The mob of Kansas—it will be the free government of Kansas, if it shall succeed, ten years hence (applause). But so long as the Union can trail over it her baleful influence, it never can succeed; it must go down like every other experiment that has the wealth, the law, the prejudice, the press, and what calls itself the pulpit of the country, on its side. Liberty is nothing but the pulse of the people; give me those pulses, and iron and granite though they be. The being, the vital power of an idea is the only thing worth taking account of in our estimate of the progress of the race. I have looked upon the wrecks of the palaces of the Cæsars, built of Italian granite in masses which it seemed as if only Titans could have moved, piled up as if they were to last forever. But the tiny weeds of the luxuriant Italian summer had put, from season to season, their roots between the interstices, and nature, greater than the Titans, had forced into shapeless ruins the once gorgeous palaces. So shall it be with your government and institutions if you only will speak the bold, simple, Saxon words; your walls of granite and your gates of iron shall yield to the pulses of men; the humane instincts shall thrust the tiny roots of their God-given inspiration within the huge structures and tear them into a shapeless mass. Then will the far nobler Union and Government, that the nineteenth century is to see, rise like an exhalation in the place of the past (applause). But it only will be if the Abolitionists, treading under foot the associations of the past, tearing from their eyes the bandages of fine words, shall speak to each other and to the world in the plainest and simplest language that describes the thing of which they speak. The Christianity of New York is here, not in the churches, provided you come here with hearts ready to help that bondman that you never saw, on the plains of the Carolinas, in the hovel of Arkansas, help him up to the sunlight privileges which you enjoy yourself.

Our fathers went into school in 1789; they tried to put right and wrong, fire and water, into the same vessel of a united government, and the result you see to-day in the utter prostration of justice, in the utter triumph of the Slave Power. It is not given to the human race to try such an experiment twice. If it has taught us nothing else, at least let it teach us that no shibboleth of words, no nicely arranged catalogue of amendments, no resolutions against slave States, which have been made only to be broken, no *ignis fatuus* of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, no pledge to do something hereafter, but to do nothing for the present, can ever avail, in a crisis like ours, betwixt the words of the people and the wealth of a dominant aristocracy. Bentham said of Europe, that the people have never gained a right that they did not bully out of their oppressors. It is a truth written all over the history of the Saxon race on the other side of the ocean. No aristocracy has ever yielded to principle—to the Sermon on the Mount; they have yielded only to fear. The Saxon race here, with an aristocracy of 150,000, with two thousand millions of dollars in their hand, with the government of sixteen States on their side, with a vassal press, with a prostituted pulpit, with a mock Christianity, how soon are they to yield? (Applause.) Never, till Massachusetts, hopeless to make Carolina free, shall take the only direct path to make her black men fee, by proclaiming that, from Barnstable to Berkshire, no man whose foot has ever touched the barren soil of New England shall ever again be a slave (great applause)—by proclaiming that while men-stealers sit in the Senate of the United States, she will not waste her Wilsons and Sumners by sending them there (applause)—by proclaiming that while the United States Government is plotting to seize with one hand the queen of the West Indies, and to cover with the other the whole West to the Pacific with the blood of slavery, she will enter into no compact and no alliance—and by running up the pine tree and fighting on her own hook, a sovereign State alone, a free government, hoping that your Empire State and your neighbours of the Ohio will follow suit (applause).

I have not time to develop the idea which I shadow forth; but, ladies and gentlemen, I have read the history of sixty years in vain if I either wish to try myself, or that the generation which is to follow me shall try the experiment of the last fifty years again. Jonathan Edwards, the younger, said, in the year 1791, in New Haven, the man that lives fifty years hence will see the man who holds a slave occupy, before the moral sense of the community, the condition of a pirate. Fifty years have passed, and fourteen more have been added, and what is the fulfilment? Where is the slaveholder? Her college is full of slaveholders' sons; her public streets are written all over with black stains. O, no; roll back the wave; tear the parchment; sail under a new flag; freight a new ship; let the old one go on to the lee-shore, "to the devil" (loud applause).

The Hutchinsons again entertained the company with one of their Songs of Freedom, when,

At 2 1-2 o'clock, the meeting adjourned.

BUSINESS MEETINGS.

After the Anniversary Meeting, held on Wednesday, May 9th, at the Metropolitan Theatre, the Society held a meeting for public discussion, on Thursday, May 10th, at the Freewill Baptist Church in Sullivan street.

The meeting was called to order at 10 o'clock, A. M., by Mr. Garrison, the President.

Prayer was offered by Rev. S. S. Griswold, of Mystic, Ct.

The President presented to the meeting the original copy of the Remonstrance of the Clergy and People of Scotland, signed on behalf of 140,000 persons, against Slavery in the United States of America. The document, which was neatly engrossed and mounted, was unrolled and exhibited to the audience, and much interest manifested therein.

On motion of J. Miller McKim, seconded by Samuel May, Voted, That the Society will hold public meetings through this day and evening, at this place, and that the meeting to-morrow (Friday) be a strictly private meeting of the members of the Society, for consultation and action as to its operations for the ensuing year.

Inquiry being made, what constituted membership of the Society, it was replied that all persons who are in union with the principles and measures of this Society, and are contributors to its funds—including all members of Societies auxiliary to this—are members of this Society.

With this understanding, the vote was adopted without dissent.

On motion of S. H. Gay, Samuel May, Jr., was appointed Assistant Secretary.

On motion of E. Quincy, the following persons were nominated by the Chair, and accepted by the Society, as a Committee to nominate Officers of the Society for the ensuing year:

Edmund Quincy, of Massachusetts; Robert Purvis, of Byberry, Pa.; Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, N. Y.; James Mott, of Philadelphia; James Barnaby, of Salem, Ohio; H. C. Howells, of New Jersey; Lydia Mott, of Albany; A. T. Foss, of New Hampshire; S. S. Griswold, of Connecticut.

The following persons, also, were nominated and chosen a Business Committee, the President of the Society being added to the Committee, as its Chairman, on the motion of J. M. McKim: Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Oliver Johnson, William H. Topp, Mahlon B. Linton, William W. Brown, Charles L. Remond, Abby Kelley Foster.

The following Resolutions (presented at the Anniversary meeting, yesterday) were read to the meeting:

1. Resolved, That, of all systems of despotism existing in the world, American Slavery is the most merciless to its victims, the most impious in its assumptions, the most murderous in its spirit, the most demoralizing in its influences, the most hideous in its features, and the most calamitous in its operations.

2. Resolved, That its immediate and unconditional abolition is the primary and paramount duty of this nation, before which all other questions fade into insignificance, all other issues are as dust in the balance.

3. Resolved, That for the continuance and extension of Slavery on our soil the American Church and Clergy, with honourable but rare exceptions, are pre-eminently guilty; and that they have thrown over it the mantle of Christianity, declared it to be in accordance with the will and word of God, branded the Anti-Slavery movement as infidel in its spirit and object, and admitted to the communion table such as make merchandise of human bodies and immortal souls.

4. Resolved, That such a Church is, in the graphic language of Scripture, "A cage of unclean birds and the synagogue of Satan," and that such religious teachers are "wolves in sheep's clothing," "watchmen that are blind," "shepherds that cannot understand, that all look to their own way, every one for his gain from his quarter."

5. Resolved, That, in the language of Patrick Henry, "It is a duty we owe the purity of our religion to show that it is at variance with that law which warrants slavery."

While the Business Committee were preparing to report further, the meeting was addressed by Rev. S. S. Griswold, who read a recent letter from a friend in Indiana, in demonstration of the truth of that sentiment in the resolutions that the churches of the country were the guiltiest party in the land, in regard to slavery.

The Business Committee reported the following resolutions:

6. Resolved, That the following religious organizations, namely—the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; the American Home Missionary Society; the American Bible Society; the American Bible Union; the American Tract Society; the American Sunday School Union; the American and Foreign Christian Union; the American and Foreign Bible Society; the American Baptist Publication Society; the American Baptist Missionary Union; the American Baptist Home Mission Society; the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; the Missionary Societies of the Protestant Methodist, Episcopal Methodist, Protestant Episcopal and Moravian bodies, respectively—being in league and fellowship with the slaveholders of the South, utterly dumb in regard to the slave system, and inflexibly hostile to the anti-slavery movement, are not only wholly undeserving of any pecuniary aid or public countenance at the North, but cannot be supported without conniving at all the wrongs and outrages by which chattel slavery is characterized, and, therefore, ought to be instantly abandoned by every one claiming to be the friend of liberty, and a disciple of Christ, the Redeemer.

7. Resolved, That the attempt of the New York *Independent*, and other religious journals, to shield the American Board of Foreign Missions from anti-slavery condemnation, and to represent it as occupying a sound position in regard to the enslaved millions in our land, because of its action at Hartford, respecting certain laws in the Choctaw nation pertaining to the instruction of slaves and free coloured persons in the mission schools, is marked by fraud, Jesuitism, and the supremacy of sectarian exclusiveness over the instincts of humanity.

8. Resolved, That in the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, during the present week, in this city, as a member of the Executive and Publishing Committee of the American Tract Society, notwithstanding the publication of his infamous book, entitled "A South-Side View of Slavery," wherein he ridicules the alleged sufferings and degradation of the slaves, represents their condition as almost an enviable one, and proclaims a state of slavery to be signally preventive of pauperism, crime, mobocracy, and popular delusions, and highly promotive of piety and its kindred virtues, that Society indicates a depth of depravity, and a hardihood of aspect, which no language is adequate to describe.

9. Resolved, That Liberty and Slavery are, in their nature, antagonisms, which no power in the universe can reconcile; and that any effort to make peace or to effect a compromise between them is an insult to God, a crime against nature, and an outrage upon man.

10. Resolved, That a Church or Government which accords the same rights and privileges to Slavery as to Liberty is a house divided against itself, which cannot stand—is an attempt to pay equal honour to Belial and to Christ—is inherently corrupt and tyrannical, and deserving of universal execration.

11. Resolved, That the flag under which three millions and a half of the people are held as chattel slaves, and driven under the lash to unrequited toil—that the Constitution which grants to slaveholders and to slave-breeders an increase of political power in proportion to the multiplication of their victims—that the Union which is cemented with human blood, and perpetuated by a pledge of its entire military and naval power to keep the oppressed in their chains—is a flag to be trampled in the dust beneath the feet of freemen; is a Constitution rightly described as "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell," and to be given to the consuming fire; is a Union to be assailed as the concentration and "sum of all villanies," and utterly destroyed. Therefore,

12. Resolved, That the time is fully come to form a Confederacy, in which no man shall be held as a slave, nor allowed to be put on trial before any tribunal on the issue, "Is he a man or a beast, a freeman or a slave?"—and in which slaveholding, under all circumstances, shall be placed in the same felonious category with highway robbery, piracy and murder.

13. Resolved, That in refusing any longer to be in alliance, either religiously or politically, with those who "trade in slaves and the souls of men," instead of leaving the victims in their chains, and withdrawing from the struggle for their emancipation, we are performing the first imperative duty, namely, to wash our hands in innocency, to occupy a sound moral position, and to present a consistent attitude to the world; and thus proving, by word and deed, that we truly "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," to whose cause we are pledged until not a single bondman is left to pine in his fetters.

Henry C. Wright moved to add the following:

Resolved, That a Government thus constructed and administered can never be used as a means to abolish slavery, or sustain and perpetuate liberty.

This resolution was, at the mover's suggestion, referred to the Business Committee.

Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, of Baltimore, spoke to the subject of a Dissolution of the Union, and the formation of a new Northern Confederacy, based on impartial freedom. He argued that no practical good would be attained by such a change. No doubt, he said, that even now there is a majority of the people in this nation opposed to slavery, and they are entitled to rule in the national councils. The trouble is that the Northern people are lacking in enthusiasm, in devotion to their principles, and in this particular might learn a lesson from slaveholders, who never flinch from their principles, and are ready to sacrifice their property, and even their lives to defend them.

A Voice said—The North are bought by the South.

Mr. Snodgrass. Yes! but you cannot buy the South.

C. C. Burleigh. The South has *two thousand millions of dollars* invested in slave property, and that immense fund buys them all, body, soul and spirit.

Mr. Snodgrass. Vast numbers of Southern men who own none of this property, and never expect to, are united in defending boldly their belief, or principles, on the subject of slavery.

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose asked Mr. S., whether, provided the pecuniary interest of the slaveholders in the institution of slavery should cease, he thought they would be so eager to defend their principles on the subject?

Mrs. Foster also inquired of Mr. Snodgrass, if those poor whites of the South, who own no slaves, are not themselves, in a very material sense, *the property* of the slaveholders.

Mr. S. admitted they were. He closed his speech by expressing his deep regard for, and interest in, this Society, though not himself a member of it, and differing from its position, in some respects. He admitted how much he was indebted, for his own anti-slavery faith, to the great founder of this Society, William Lloyd Garrison.

The following persons were nominated a Committee of Finance:

Abby Kelly Foster, Susan B. Anthony, Aaron M. Powell, Rowland Johnson, Anna E. R. Bartlett.

William Goodell, of New York, took the floor to offer some remarks upon the resolutions. He dissented from the position of the resolutions, and of some of the speakers, that we could not rightfully be in political connection and relations with slaveholders. He proceeded to argue that there is no countenance or support given by the United States Constitution to the institution of slavery; and occupied about an hour and a half therein, having been repeatedly interrupted by inquiries from different persons.

Charles C. Burleigh replied to Mr. Goodell's various points. Mr. G., he said, has proved to us three things, 1st, That there never was any slavery in the Constitution; 2d, That what slavery there is in the Constitution was abolished by the amendments; and, 3d, That it is the duty of the Congress of the United States to abolish slavery as it now exists in this country. Mr. B. proceeded to examine Mr. Goodell's various positions, and in a masterly manner exposed the sophistry of the general argument that the United States Constitution gives no guarantees to slaveholding.

Mr. Burleigh gave way to Mrs. Abby Kelly Foster, who, in the name of the Finance Committee, presented the Society's claims to the most generous pecuniary aid which its members and friends could afford. She stated that the balance now in the treasuries of the American Society and its Auxiliaries was nearly all appropriated already to the papers (the Standard and the Bugle), to the Tract publication, and to the States of Rhode Island and New Hampshire. The whole subject of the agitation of our cause in the great Central and Western States is unprovided for. The interest to hear the agents of this Society, in those States, never was so great as now, and never before could we do there so effective a work for freedom. Able and devoted men and women are ready to give their time and their best powers to this work, and will do it whether they are compensated by us or not; but it is right and necessary that they should be compensated, and so enabled to continue their labours.

Mr. Burleigh having concluded his argument, the floor was taken by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who, in a rapid but very lucid exposition of the pro-slavery meaning and wording of the United States Constitution, answered Mr. Goodell's speech, and completely vindicated the position of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. Goodell replied to Mr. Garrison.

S. S. Foster reviewed the discussion in which the meeting had been engaged to-day. He thought it to have been of little value; and that the day had gone by for discussing the character of the Constitution. Let us take whatever view of it we may, there is a deeper question, and one which affects all personally, viz.: Are we in union and fellowship with men-stealers?

Mr. Foster gave way, for a motion to adjourn; and the Society adjourned at 5 o'clock, to meet again at half-past seven.

Thursday Evening.—Mr. Garrison read a letter to the meeting which he had received from Joseph Barker, of Ohio.

Mr. Garrison, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

14. Resolved, That in the removal from this earthly sphere of our early, faithful and unwearied co-labourer, Cyrus M. Burleigh, this Society has lost one of its most valued members, the anti-slavery enterprise one of its most effective advocates, and the cause of progress universally one of its most intelligent, discriminating and estimable supporters; that his memory will always deserve to be held in grateful appreciation, and his example of self-sacrifice and moral heroism commended as worthy of the closest imitation.

Whereas, our friend Parker Pillsbury, now in England, has of late made some scorching and truthful exposures of the pro-slavery position of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which have awakened much interest and attention among the religious people of Great Britain, and has based those exposures on facts drawn from the records and writings of the Board and its friends; and whereas the New York *Independent* has characterized him as a "foul-mouthed libeller" for thus discharging his duty, and meanly refused him the use of its columns to defend himself from so calumnious a charge; therefore,

15. Resolved, That *The Independent* has, in so doing, sought basely to injure the reputation of a faithful and able friend of the slave, and made a lame and impotent effort to defend the Board; and that we regret this all the more since the good words that journal has spoken against slavery led us to hope for honour and truth instead of detraction and falsehood on so important a subject.

Samuel J. May, Jr., spoke upon the remarkable similarity of the views entertained of the United States Constitution by the religious body of Covenanters in this country and by the American Anti-Slavery Society; and referred to the fact, that two ministers of the Covenanter Church were present with us this evening.

Stephen S. Foster continued the argument he had commenced this forenoon. It was of little consequence, in his view, what views men took of the United States Constitution. No man could act under the United States Constitution, and aid in carrying on the United States Government—without sin—without uniting with slaveholders in acts which implied their general worthiness and honesty, without tacitly, at least, admitting them to be suitable legislators, &c. Even Charles Sumner, and Gerrit Smith, and William Goodell, vote the money which pays the kidnappers of Anthony Burns; and are, in that respect, far more guilty than those pro-slavery men who deem it a political and social duty to send the fugitive slave back to his master.

Dr. Smith objected to Mr. Foster's remarks about Mr. Sumner and the Free Soil voters. He complained, also, that Mr. Phillips, yesterday, had said that no church in the city would open its doors to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and that it therefore had been compelled to hold its meeting in a theatre; whereas, here the Society is, in a Freewill Baptist Church, and, he believed other churches in the city might have been obtained.

Mr. Garrison (in Mr. Phillips's absence) explained Mr. Phillips's meaning to be, that every one of those churches, in which the religion of the popular and dominant sects bore sway, was shut against us.

Wm. Wells Brown spoke on the worthlessness of the Union to the Northern States on the one hand, and to the slaves on the other; he believed that, if the slaveholders were left by us to sustain slavery as they best could, the slaves would soon work out their own deliverance. And with regard to the four or five hundred thousand free coloured people of the Northern States, of what possible use or value has the American Union been to them? If there is a class of people in the world who ought to be united, to a man, in opposition to the American Union, it is the free coloured people.

Mr. F. Douglass said he arose to say a word in vindication of the coloured people who vote under and support the Constitution of the United States. He made a brief speech to that effect.

Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Vermont, of the Church of the Covenanters, said that he looked upon the professed anti-slavery man, who voted under the United States Constitution, as bearing the same relation to the Anti-Slavery Reform, that the moderate drinker bears to the Temperance Cause. As to the meaning of the Constitution and its framers, we adopt the old common sense rule, and judge men by their actions. The only rule which *they* can adopt, who mean to bring any evil thing to an end, is to "touch not, taste not, handle not" that evil thing.

Mr. Garrison reported the following resolutions:

16. Resolved, That the latest and most striking illustration of the efficacy of the American Union, in protecting the rights of Northern freemen, is seen in the lawless and blood-thirsty invasion of Kansas Territory by a swarm of ruffians and cut-throats from Missouri, who have trampled under feet all right and justice, taken forcible possession of the ballot-box, electing men of their own stamp to office, and assumed the reins of government, in order to extend and perpetuate the damning system of slavery.

17. Resolved, That the spirit of the Missouri press, and of certain public meetings recently held in that State (representing, unquestionably, the spirit of the ruling class of the South), in regard to the Vandal invasion of Kansas, demonstrates that slaveholders, as a body, are the fiercest enemies of liberty, justice, law and order—a banditti of the most murderous and anarchical character—utterly beyond the pale of civilization and Christianity—who respect the rights of no freeman, and of no free State, who are as perfidious in faith as they are lawless in action, and with whom it is degradation and abject servility for freemen to be connected in religious or political bonds.

Adjourned, with the understanding that the Society will meet at 9 A. M., to-morrow—for a private meeting.

SECOND DAY.

Friday, May 11.—Met, according to adjournment, at the Sullivan street Church.

Some discussion arose, at the outset, as to whether the present session should be considered a merely private one for the transaction of business, as was agreed, or a public meeting for general discussion, which many persons had come to attend. It was finally agreed to rescind the former vote, making it a strictly private meeting, though, on motion of S. S. Foster, it was voted to confine the discussion to business topics, and to members and sympathisers of the Society.

The 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Resolutions were then adopted.

The Rev. Mr. Johnston, of Vt., a clergyman of the Old School Covenanter Church, addressed the meeting. He came, he said, to "take sides" with this Society, with which he had long sympathized. He paid a deserved tribute to the minister of the Covenater Church, in this city (the Rev. Mr. Stephenson), who had long felt the same sympathy, and steadfastly adhered to the principles which distinguished this Society, whose yearly meetings he had been in the habit of attending. Mr. Johnston said that he would rather lose his life than hold his fellow-man as a slave; and equally would he rather lose his life than be a voluntary supporter of the United States Constitution, pledged to slavery as he believed it to be. "I trample," he exclaimed emphatically, "upon that Constitution, because it tramples upon the slave." Let that Union which enslaves men, women, and children, and riots in their misery and degradation, go to its own place—go, in the language of the story which Wendell Phillips told so admirably the other morning, "to the devil." Mr. Johnston concluded, by offering the following resolution, which was adopted:

18. Resolved, That while it is true that many of the American clergy, by employing the pulpit, the Bible, and the sanctions of religion, for the purpose of upholding the accursed system of American Slavery, have desecrated the pulpit, defamed the Bible, and basely belied the religion of Him who came "to preach deliverance to the captives"—and while it is true that the great mass of the so-called ministers of Christ have been "dumb dogs" that either cannot or will not bark—yet we rejoice that among the clergy and the churches there are men who have not bowed the knee to the American Baal nor kissed his image, and churches that have not only refused to fellowship slaveholders, but that have practised the motto of the American Anti-Slavery Society—No Union with Slaveholders, either religiously or politically.

The following resolution was offered by the Chairman of the Business Committee and adopted:

19. Resolved, That this Society takes special pleasure in the recognition of the fact that the religious body known as the Reformed Presbyterians, or Old School Covenanters, nobly proclaimed and faithfully carried out the doctrine, "No Union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically," long before the organization of this Society; and their example we urge upon all other religious bodies which are yet recognising the Christian character of slaveholders, or giving their sanction and support to the Constitution and Government of the United States, as worthy of all imitation.

Resolution No. 5 was then also adopted, and on the reading of that marked No. 6, the Rev. Mr. Graham, pastor of the Church in which the Society was meeting, arose. No resolution before the Society interested him so much as the one now before us. He felt that the religious and benevolent (professedly) Societies of the country, in taking the stand they do in regard to slavery and slaveholders, have inflicted more serious injury on the cause of Christianity than has come from all other quarters. Mr. G. said he did not, in all respects, agree with this Society—yet, he was glad to see the Society here, and to render his homage to the great principle of free speech. One Society, named in the resolution, he felt some interest in—the American and Foreign Bible Society. He had joined that Society in the assurance that they were ready to circulate the Bible among slaves and fugitives, and so far as he knew they had done so.

Rev. Andrew T. Foss replied. He felt, he said, that he should be false to the truth not to rise here and bear his testimony. He knew all about this American and Foreign Bible Society from the beginning. It had always received the contributions of slaveholders, and still did. It has, at this moment, any number of life members in the slave States. He remembered an incident that occurred at the meeting of this Society, in Baltimore, in 1841. It was declared with great solemnity that the Bible should be given to every human being, and there seemed to brood over that great assembly a Sabbath stillness and a feeling of intense religious horror. It seemed almost that the angels hung over it, and all hearts were melted at the thought, that the Book of God was to be put into the hands of every creature. In the midst of all, Brother Abel Brown arose and asked, "is it meant to include the slaves"; and immediately there arose a great uproar; it was as if the angels fled affrighted from the angry and aroused assembly, and the air was filled with the clamour and laughter of fiends. "Order! order! order!" was shouted on every side, and the Rev. Dr. Cone, who was chairman of the meeting, imperiously commanded "Brother Brown to sit down!" And the Society has never swerved from that position. I boldly aver it has never circulated the Bible among the slaves, unless it has done so within two years. True, they claim that they did so, many years ago, but the only fact they could adduce in support of that assertion was, that two slaveholders had sent money and bought Bibles, declaring that they wished them for circulation among the slaves. And this the Society claimed as to their credit! But what was it? Giving Bibles to slaves? No! but giving Bibles to slaveholders for them to give to slaves—*if they pleased!* Mr. Foss expressed his regret that his brother Graham had been drawn into the slough of this Society—and slough of despond, he was sure he would find it.

Mr. Garrison said he did not ask whether the American and Foreign Bible Society had or had not slaveholders among its members, but had it ever protested against the withholding of the Bible from three millions of slaves? (Never! said Mr. Foss.) Has it ever, continued Mr. Garrison, taken any measures to open a way to give the Bible to the slaves? (No, never! again responded Mr. Foss.) Then, said Mr. Garrison, it is to be condemned utterly.

Mr. Graham rose to say that he would not be understood as objecting to the resolution. In the main, he agreed to it, and admitted its entire correctness and importance. He hoped it would draw such public attention to these faithless bodies that they would be compelled to cease from their wrong doing.

The question was then taken on Resolutions numbered 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13, which were all adopted, No. 12 being so amended as to read "That the times demanded the formation of a confederacy," instead of "the time is come to form a Northern confederacy."

Resolutions No. 14, 15, 16 and 17, were then read and unanimously adopted.

Mr. Quincy, Chairman of the Committee on Nominations, reported the following list of officers for the following year, which was accepted:

President—William Lloyd Garrison, of Massachusetts.

Vice-Presidents—Peter Libbey, Maine; Luther Melendy, Theodore B. Moses, New Hampshire; Jehiel C. Claflin, Vermont; Francis Jackson, Edmund Quincy, Massachusetts; Asa Fairbanks, Rhode Island; James B. Whitcomb, Connecticut; Samuel J. May, Thomas McClintock, Amy Post, Pliny Sexton, New York; Lucretia Mott, Robert Purvis, Edward M. Davis, Thomas Whitson, Pennsylvania; Geo. Atkinson, Alfred Gibbs Campbell, New Jersey; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; Thomas Donaldson, William Stedman, Joseph Barker, Ohio; William Hearn, Indiana; Joseph Merritt, Thomas Chandler, Cyrus Fuller, Michigan; John Wichell, Illinois; James A. Shedd, Iowa; Caleb Green, Minnesota; Georgiana B. Kirby, California.

Corresponding Secretaries—Edmund Quincy and Sydney H. Gay.

Recording Secretary—Wendell Phillips.

Treasurer—Francis Jackson.

Executive Committee—William Lloyd Garrison, Francis Jackson, Edmund Quincy, Maria Weston Chapman, Wendell Phillips, Anne Warren Weston, Sydney Howard Gay, Eliza Lee Follen, James Russell Lowell, Charles F. Hovey, Samuel May, jun., William I. Bowditch.

Voted unanimously, On motion of Oliver Johnson, that the thanks of this Society be offered to the proprietors of the Freewill Baptist Church of New York, for the use of their house, granted to us on this occasion; and Mr. Johnson was appointed a committee to communicate this vote to the proprietors.

The Secretary read the following letter from the Rev. Dr. Bellows, in reply to an invitation to him to speak at the Anniversary Meeting:

New York, April 17, 1855.

Oliver Johnson, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I am much obliged by the invitation of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to share in the public exercises of their coming Anniversary. The honour of the call I fully appreciate, and the terms in which it is conveyed are generous and attractive; so much so that I find great difficulty in resisting your complimentary appeal.

Yet, after careful consideration, I am compelled to decline your invitation; and out of respect to your Society, I wish to state frankly my reasons [illegible] in equivocation or gloss them with courtesy; but this would neither become me nor be just to you.

I decline your invitation explicitly on the ground of ministerial *prudence;* and this prudence I hold to be a more binding duty than the claims of your platform.

There are two classes of persons interested in the anti-slavery cause; those who make it the business of their lives, and who take it up as the Apostles took up the Gospel, determined to know nothing else, and those who make it subsidiary to other interests and aims, and urge and sustain it only as those other interests and aims allow.

Now, I rejoice in the existence of the *first* class, as one indispensable and entitled to great gratitude—a class without which the cause could not move at all; but I belong in the second class, and, for reasons entirely satisfactory to myself, reasons of providential position, temperament and conviction, expect to stay there and perform only the offices which belong to that class.

I am a preacher of the Gospel, a pastor, the head of a religious congregation. The plan of my life is arranged with reference to its best guidance and patient instruction and ultimate evangelization. I teach on a plan. I am to do in ten years, twenty years, a certain work in my parish, and my system is based on a knowledge of their wants, prejudices and affections. Nothing can persuade me that it is pusillanimity, time-serving, the love of money or place, that restrains me from shocking, angering and dispersing them by statements on any subject wholly beyond their sympathies. It is the love of their souls, it is a sense of what is wise, kind, Christian, that induces me to study how to *commend* their duties to them; how to lead them gently into all truth. As the father of a family chooses his own times and seasons to win his children's hearts to duty, so a true pastor does by his flock. Taking this course, I feel that I have gradually planted my own sentiments on the subject of slavery in the hearts of perhaps the majority of my own congregation, and I hope with prudence to win more and more of them to a right feeling. All the action of a more direct sort in behalf of the anti-slavery cause, which my more binding duties as a pastor allow, I avail myself of just as fast as prudence justifies it—and beyond that justification, I shall neither be tempted nor driven.

I do not feel that prudence would justify me in taking my place on your platform on an occasion when what I regard as intemperate opinions, and others regard as blasphemous and treasonable sentiments, are not unlikely to be spoken. If I had committed myself to your cause, as to *the* great thing to be done, as to the prime object of my life (and I can easily see how a man might do it, nay, how I might do it myself), then I would work with anybody and set all other things at naught, except faithfulness to this one cause, the slave's freedom. As a Christian minister I will work with any and all Christian ministers, and count all difference of creed as naught. But, as a pastor, I cannot put all considerations of ministerial prudence aside for the anti-slavery cause, or any other cause; for that is *first* in my affections and on my conscience.

I hold that *prophets* and *pastors* have quite different functions. Prophets address communities; pastors, flocks; prophets cry aloud and spare not; pastors give milk to babes and meat to strong men; prophets obey a divine madness; pastors follow the rule of common sense and sober discretion. Every age has need of both; this age in an especial manner; and I rejoice that prophets have been raised up to testify against the sin of slavery—who have forgotten everything but their clear office to blow the trumpet against the walls of the doomed city. But I do not belong to their ranks. It is only when the pastor's and the prophet's duties run together that I can temporarily occupy the prophet's place, and then only haltingly and in second-rate style—as a *minor* prophet indeed.

I hope this explanation of my views and this account of the grounds on which I decline your invitation may seem consistent with the views I have always expressed, and the course I have hitherto taken. I cannot expect the prophets of the anti-slavery cause to think very highly of the pastors, or their views of duty; but that is of less concern than that the pastors should be faithful to their vows and their Master.

With great respect and cordiality, yours truly,
Henry W. Bellows.

On motion of A. K. Foster, Voted, That this meeting recommend to the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, the adoption of measures for a vigourous and thorough circulation of our tracts, and, that for that purpose, a system of colporterage be adopted.

Mr. May read a statement respecting the preparation and issue of the tracts, during the last past five months. The substance of his statement was, that about $2,000 had been contributed for the publishing of the tracts, that thirteen different tracts had been issued, that others were in preparation, and that about a million and three quarters of pages of tracts had been printed and distributed.

On motion, the Society then adjourned at three o'clock, P. M.

Samuel May, Jr. Secretary, *pro. tem.*

ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Second Anniversary of the New York (City) Anti-Slavery Society was held at the Tabernacle, on Friday evening, May 11th. The house was filled, in spite of the entrance fee, and the exercises were of a deeply interesting character. The following brief report is from the *Tribune:*

Lauren Wetmore, President of the Society, in taking the chair, said that they would not occupy the evening with a report. The overshadowing question of the day was the question of slavery; and it was not a question merely of the freedom of the black man, but it was a question of freedom for all or slavery over all. If Freedom was stricken down here, where could it arise? and if it was triumphant here, why should it not be triumphant everywhere? Among the earliest friends of the cause, one who had laboured in season and out of season, was

Chas. C. Burleigh, whom he now introduced (applause). This was no child's play—Mr. Burleigh said. The enemy against whom they were arrayed was no trifling power. The conflict was between the deep conviction of the human soul and the consolidated power $2,000,000,000. He had not come to convince that slavery was a sin and a crime, a curse and a calamity. To do that he would only need to open the statute books. They took the ground not that slavery was an evil merely, but that it was a crime, and under all conditions morally, estentially wrong and a sin against God. They said farther that what it was wrong for the slaveholder to do we had no right to help him to do. We ought to treat it as a crime wherever we found it, in society, in Church or in State. Mr. Burleigh then proceeded to detail the provisions of the Constitution which countenanced and supported the slave system. If the Government was not in favour of slavery, why was it that Kansas was put under martial law by gangs of Missouri ruffians, armed with pistol and bowie-knife, and making the ballot-box the instrument of as gross an act of tyranny as ever yet was perpetrated against the rights of a free people? Therefore it was that they would have nothing to do with the Government. They would have nothing to do with a Union which was cemented with blood. No union with slaveholders (loud applause). Down with that blood-stained flag! Trample the contract with slavery's wrinkled hag (loud applause).

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, was the next speaker. He said that much as he abhorred the Constitution, there was one clause in it that he fully concurred in, "that there shall be no cruel and unusual punishment inflicted upon any person." For the last three days he had been so entirely absorbed in his attendance on Anti-Slavery meetings that he was physically and mentally in a state of collapse, and for him to be called upon to speak was a cruel, unusual and unconstitutional punishment; however, like the old soldier,

> "When his legs were cutted off,
> He fought upon his stumps."

He proceeded to demonstrate that every man who said anything against slavery received as great a measure of hatred and calumny as he who said most. Cass was howled at all over the South for saying he thanked God that he was born in a free State. Channing, for writing a mild book upon slavery, was complimented in Congress as playing second fiddle to Garrison. When men went into a Territory and set up a press to discuss the question of slavery, where was the Constitution then? The Constitution was destroyed. Suppose that we should treat slaveholders as the South treated Abolitionists, would not the whole South be up in arms at the news that a slaveholder had been tarred and feathered? The North had no pluck. We were under the power of slaveholders. They controlled our pulpit and our press. But a different spirit was arising. Old Massachusetts, God bless her! was leading the van (loud applause). Senator Toombs had threatened to march his slaves around Bunker Hill Monument. Let him come. There was a little of the old Bunker Hill spirit left, and in five minutes they would make his slaves free. Then they would see the truth of that verse of Dr. Watts:

> "Hark! from the *tombs* a doleful sound."

Judge Loring was to remain in office by Gov. Gardner's veto. The people would dig the grave of that Gardner so deep that he would never find a resurrection (cheers). Much had been gained. Where was Frank Pierce? Where were the old parties? Where was Edward Everett? In obscurity in Cambridge, and they had in his place Henry Wilson, the shoemaker. Where was Daniel Webster? Gone, and in his place was an incomparably greater and better man, the man of freedom—Charles Sumner (prolonged hisses drowned in applause).

Wendell Phillips was greeted with loud applause. Mr. Garrison had asked, he said, where was Edward Everett, and where was Franklin Pierce? but a more important question was, where was that mob which, five years ago, broke up the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society? There stood Rynders and ordered the Society to disperse. There stood the Chief of Police—a statue of imbecility—acting, if not saying with the man in the old play—

> "I likes to be despised!"

Then Isaac Hopper went down to the City Hall, and begged of the Mayor to come and protect the meeting; but it was of no use. There was a conundrum: "When is half more than double the whole?" He would tell them: Wood was more than double Woodhull. They thought they had tied their Governor in Massachusetts by his interest so that any 'cute man would know how to act. He was a real Know-Nothing, and did not know on which side his bread was buttered. To one who knew anything about Governor Gardner's antecedents, one passage in his communication to the Legislature was exceedingly ludicrous: "I ask only that conscientious motives be attributed to my actions, and that my constituents may believe that obedience to justice is my sole desire" (laughter). The man who drank until temperance could make him Governor, and followed the Slave Power until he could be elected by Anti-Slavery, could not earn a character in so short a time. He remembered the story of the old rat who retired from public to attend to the affairs of his soul. A youngster peeped in to learn how to die as he should, and, behold! the old fellow was snugly ensconced in a rich cheese. If anybody ever should look, hereafter, into Gov. Gardner's hole, they would find him, but they would find no cheese (laughter and applause). He might have done it from regard to the nationality of the party. No party which aimed to be national could be true to Freedom. What had been done, what could be done at Washington? He had stood at the gate of Pompeii, where the Roman Guard had died at his post. Sumner, like him, would stand nobly by his post, but he could not resist the shadow that was creeping over the mirror of the Republic. He was in favour of that action. That only could be effectual. Massachusetts ought to call her Sumner and her Wilson home, and send Senators and Representatives to her Legislature who would not take the oath to support the Constitution until Sam. Hoar could go back to Charleston. He was glad to hear the first shot of a musket on the side of Freedom that came to us from Kansas, although it might be the crash of the coming avalanche when the North should invade the South by her superior strength. That would be better than playing with loaded dice at politics, as they had been doing. State Sovereignty was Freedom's natural fort (applause).

Mr. Phillips closed his speech by calling attention to the fact that some friends of the cause in this city had determined to hold an Anti-Slavery Bazaar sometime next Autumn, and earnestly inviting the aid and coöperation of all who were interested in the object.

A contribution, amounting to more than $28, was taken up for the Tract Fund of the American Society.

Governor Gardner refuses to comply with the request of the Legislature for the removal of Edward Greely Loring from the office of Judge of Probate. He professes to have acted from a sincere conviction that the measure asked at his hands would impair the independence of the Judiciary; but it is the general opinion that he was influenced by political considerations, as it is understood that he desires to be the Know-Nothing candidate for Vice-President of the United States, which he cannot be without the help of Southern votes. Sagacious men believe and say, that, in grasping at this shadow of national office, he has sacrificed himself in Massachusetts; that he can never again be Governor; that the popular cry in the next election will be, "Down with Loring *and* Gardner!"

In his message declining to remove Loring, the Governor falls into the singular mistake of declaring that the whole Massachushtts delegation in Congress, in 1850, voted for the Fugitive Slave bill, whereas Samuel A. Eliot, of Boston, is the only one of the whole number that did that shameful deed. This is an awkward blunder for a Governor.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1855.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—The Annual Meeting of the NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Boston, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, May 29th, 30th, and 31st, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. It usually surpasses, in interest and spirit, every other Anti-Slavery gathering in the country, and is characterized by the strongest utterance, the freest discussion, and the most stirring eloquence. The cause of the enslaved calls for an attendance, at this crisis, unprecedented in numbers. Every State in New England should be well represented. The friends of Immediate Emancipation, in all parts of the country, however widely they may differ in their methods for the overthrow of slavery, are most cordially invited to be present, and to participate in its deliberations.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON, President.

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Rec. Sec'y.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

THE last week will be one long memorable in Anti-Slavery Annals. Not only for what was done, but for what was signified. It was crowded with testimonies, enemies, even more than friends, being witnesses to the overshadowing and absorbing importance of the Movement against Slavery. By the admissions of the Satanic press itself, the Movements in behalf of the salvation of the world, as they are esteemed by the great masses of religionists in the country, by the promotion of Sunday Schools, of Tract distribution, of the dissemination of the Bible itself, were thrown into the shade by the towering and over-topping interest of the Anti-Slavery Idea. While the other Anniversaries were thinly attended, in comparison of happier years, all the Anti-Slavery meetings were thronged with eager crowds. And while it is but four years since the American Anti-Slavery Society was driven contumeliously from the City by a hired ruffian and his Gang, the Civic authorities looking on potently, if not complacently, this year the largest theatre in the city could not contain the multitudes that hastened to hear the sternest denunciations of Slavery and its abettors. The stages of neglect and of violence would seem to have passed away, and the cause to be now entering upon the more dangerous temptation of prosperity and popularity. We do not apprehend, however, that the tide of success will swell high and strong enough, just yet, to take the Abolitionists off their feet and swamp the Enterprise.

This Anti-Slavery Week was inaugurated on Tuesday evening by an Address from the Hon. HENRY WILSON, United States Senator from Massachusetts, under the auspices of the New York City Anti-Slavery Society. It was an earnest and eloquent discourse of the history of the Movement and a lucid explanation of the overwhelming importance of its purpose. The next day, in the forenoon, the Metropolitan Theatre again beheld within its walls a vast assembly to hear, if not to act, against Slavery. The weather was of the most inclement description, the rain falling in torrents all the time, and yet the house was full in all its best parts. Had the weather been favourable, it is a safe thing to affirm that the house could not have held the audience that would have resorted to it. Mr. Garrison, Mr. Langston, Miss Brown, Mr. Parker and Mr. Phillips, kept the audience together and silently attentive throughout the morning. As their Speeches will be reported, it is unnecessary to characterize them here. That they held the attention of the audience and frequently drew down long and loud applause, proved that they answered their end. And, during them all, though the doors were open for all the world to come in, and although the vile and malignant presses of the City had not been wanting in their usual preliminary malice, there was not the faintest opposition or disturbance to be heard. The sternest denunciations of the Union and of the Church failed to arouse a single sibilant remonstrance. Is the zeal of this loyal and godly city waxed cold, that it is thus patient with these troublers of the peace of our State and of our Zion?

On the evening of the same day, the same spacious Theatre was filled from "pit to dome," in the parlance of the place, by a magnificent audience, to listen to the Hon. Charles Sumner, at the request of the same Society that had invited his colleague. This excellent discourse being already in the hands of our readers, we shall forbear any comment upon it. That it was admirably adapted to the audience and their necessities was witnessed to by the earnestness of their attention and the enthusiasm of their applause. The personal character and official position of Mr. Sumner no doubt gave a greater interest to his wise choice of topics and skilful rhetoric in their treatment. It certainly meant something more than met the eye, when two Senators of a sovereign State, in the same week, stood before immense audiences in the chief city of the land, and exposed the dangers of Freedom and rebuked the abominations of Slavery. The successors of Webster, and Choate, and Everett, delivering Anti-Slavery lectures before an Abolition Society! Surely, the world moves yet, and all the inhabitants thereof move with it, let priests and politicians do what they may to keep it still. And while we welcome the services of these eminent gentlemen in behalf of the Anti-Slavery Movement, we see in these very offerings of theirs the results of the unwearying and persistent labours of the Abolitionists. It is no derogation of their merits to say that it is we that have been filling up the valleys and bringing low the mountains, that have made their way straight into the Senate Chamber. The Abolitionists are stern yet lenient critics. They watch with rigid scrutiny the public life of all public men, and point out, with unsparing impartiality, what looks to them like short-coming or failure. But they are most ready and eager to give the due meed of applause to their every strong word or blow in the cause of Right against Wrong.

The Meetings for Business were held in the Freewill Baptist Church in Sullivan Street, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Graham. This elegant and commodious building was granted to the uses of the Society in the readiest and the kindest manner. The Meetings were mainly composed of members and friends of the Society. The discussions were, perhaps, not generally of the most profitable nature. The opportunity which the entire freedom of our meetings affords for the ventilation of crotchety opinions, and the convenience of an audience which we get together for the presentation of the same, were made use of perhaps even more liberally than usual. Those who do not believe that the splitting of hairs is the most effectual way of attacking an institution like Slavery, and who regard the niceties of verbal distinctions and definitions as but of small value in a real conflict like that in which we are engaged, might think that much of the time of the Society might have been better bestowed. But such incidentals are inseparable from the broad liberty which has led us up to where we stand and has established our feet as on a rock. The opportunity our plan affords eccentricity or malignity to bestow their tediousness or their venom upon us, is but a small price for the freedom of discussion to which we owe all we have and are. All the necessary business of the Society was satisfactorily despatched, however, as will be seen by referring to the printed proceedings. The Cause went out of the City as it had come into it, in a triumphant manner. The Anniversary of the New York City Anti-Slavery Society, on Friday evening, filling as it did, the Tabernacle with a brilliant audience, stirred by the eloquent words of Burleigh, Garrison and Phillips, was a fit ending to so happy and beneficent a week.

While we rejoice in the success of the Anti-Slavery demonstrations of the last week, we accept it as indicative of what has been done and of what is yet to come. It is as a Sign, rather than as a success, that we hail it. It shows how much work has been done and well done—how much seed has been sown which is springing up and bringing forth fruit in its season. But it also tells us of how much remains to be done. It shows us the vast extent of the vineyard, and the small company of the labourers that have addressed themselves to it. It is an encouragement to a continuance in well-doing. It is far enough from being an occasion of relaxation of effort. The country is in a state of wholesome excitation. Slavery will insist upon intruding itself upon public attention. It is the business of the Abolitionists to keep the general mind aroused and the general conscience awake to its responsibility in this behalf. They have been successful beyond their hopes, thus far, and it only requires a continuance in well-doing to finish up the work. It may be, it possibly will be, a very long continuation in well-doing that will bring this nation to its senses. But in the end, with the opportunities for reaching the public mind, fidelity can hardly fail to be rewarded with success. At any rate, it is only by a faithful antagonism to Slavery that the country can be saved from the despotism that seems to threaten it—which already overshadows it and darkens its future. It is to such a warfare that the American Anti-Slavery Society has girded itself up. It is a life-long warfare, in its case. For it will expire of success. Until then we have full faith that it will live and go on from strength to strength.

MR. SUMNER IN NEW YORK.

So deep and all-prevading was the interest awakened by Mr. Sumner's Anti-Slavery Lecture, as delivered at the Metropolitan Theatre, on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., that, in compliance with the earnest solicitations of many of our citizens, he consented to repeat the same, at Niblo's Garden, on Tuesday evening last. No sooner was this purpose made known, than the people of Brooklyn, in large numbers, entreated Mr. Sumner to deliver his lecture in that city also. Having secured his assent to the arrangement, the Plymouth Church (Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's) was obtained for Monday evening. Nearly an hour before the appointed time, that beautiful and spacious edifice was filled to overflowing, by one of the most intelligent audiences ever gathered within its walls. The Mayor of the city had agreed to preside, but (greatly to his own regret, we are assured) he was prevented from doing so by the sudden accession of official duties. The Hon. ERASTUS D. CULVER occupied the chair. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Jr. Mr. Sumner was introduced to the audience by the Rev. H. W. Beecher, in an address which the *Tribune* reports as follows:

"I think we may all congratulate ourselves to-night upon such an assembly as this, gathered for such a purpose. I think it is *hunger* that has brought us together, for we were all born in the atmosphere of Liberty and taught to love it; and it has not been till within the last fifteen or twenty years that those words and those illustrations, teaching the love of Liberty, have been rubbed out of the readers and spelling-books of our schools, Sunday-school books, Tract Society's volumes, &c. It has not been till within fifteen or twenty years that men have been ashamed of Liberty. But those days of Babylonish captivity have passed away and the days have come again when men say, We do believe that "All men were born free and equal" (applause). In this recurring period of brightness, one star after another is coming out, shining brighter and brighter, and men are beginning to come together in great assemblies to hear once more the word of the law, as of old the Jews, after the law had been for a long time lost, dug it up and gathered together to hear it read, when it appeared as a new document to them. I am afraid that many of the great cities of this Union might hear the Declaration of Independence read with the emphasis of a man who believes in it, and they would suspect that it was newly written. This modern appetite then, this rejoicing of our hearts, is the spirit of American Liberty rising from the corruption from which she has just emerged (applause). Now, I do not rejoice because this is a Northern meeting. I do not rejoice because it is a Northern meeting in a *sectional* sense, but because I believe that no where so truly are the sentiments of Liberty held and understood as in the North. By the institutions of the North, and peculiarly in that old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, these sentiments of Liberty have been nourished to a vigorous manhood (cheers). I am to introduce to you a Statesman who follows a long train of Representatives and Statesmen who were false to the North, false to Liberty; and then they made a complaint that there was no North! It was because the North lost faith in her recreant children. It lost faith in its traitors and not in Liberty. But now, if the haughty Southerners wish to engage in any more conflicts of this kind, I think they will desire to find some other than the speaker to-night with whom to break a lance (loud applause). I do not wish merely to introduce to you the 'honourable gentleman' sent from Massachusetts as a United States Senator. My wish is to do better than that. I wish to introduce to you the MAN—CHARLES SUMNER" (loud appplause).

Mr. SUMNER then came forward, and, after the repeated cheering which greeted his appearance had subsided, said:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF BROOKLYN: I am not insensible to the kind words which have fallen from the speaker, nor to your kind response; but I have so much to say to-night that I feel unwilling to occupy your time by anything so unimportant as an expression of my personal gratitude. Yet, fellow-citizens, there is something which I may fitly say here at this moment. Standing here on the platform of this pulpit where compromise with slavery has never shown its front (cheers), which has been always sacred to that God whose 'service is perfect freedom,' I feel that I tread on holy ground (loud applause). I am glad of an opportunity here to express my thanks to the pastor of this church, who has made his influence so widely felt in arresting the current of evil opinions and in teaching us the true nobility of virtue."

Mr. Sumner delivered his Lecture with an eloquence which enchained the close attention of his audience for nearly three hours.

On Tuesday evening, he was greeted by an immense throng at Niblo's Garden. The chair was occupied by JOSEPH BLUNT, Esq., who introduced the speaker in a neat and appropriate address. Mr. Sumner was received with loud and long-continued applause. The *Tribune* published the Lecture in full the next day, with the following preface:

"That a Lecture should be repeated in New York is a rare occurrence. That a Lecture on Anti-Slavery should be repeated in New York even before a few despised 'fanatics' is an unparalleled occurrence. But that an Anti-Slavery Lecture should be repeated night after night to successive multitudes, each more enthusiastic than the last, marks the epoch of a revolution in popular feeling; it is an era in the history of Liberty.

"Niblo's Theatre was crowded last evening long before the hour of commencement. Hundreds stood through the three-hours' lecture. The equality of the races was practically asserted by the presence of both in pit and boxes. Gray-headed men were there, young men—all with earnest look. Fans were waving. Epaulettes were not wanting. We give a full report of the words of the lecture, but only of the words.

"The magnificent presence of the orator, physically as well as mentally a giant, and symmetrical as his own orations, the grand organ-music of his voice bearing to the heart the intense conviction that it comes deep out of the heart; the calm strength of his delivery, breathing the conscious assurance of eventual victory; the thunder-bursts of eloquence—all these we cannot give. We give the words alone."

THEODORE PARKER IN PHILADELPHIA.—By a notice in another column our anti-slavery friends in Pennsylvania will see that they are to have the pleasure of hearing Theodore Parker in Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening next. As Sansom street Hall is not large enough to accommodate half the people in Philadelphia who will wish to hear Mr. Parker, perhaps the best thing we can do is to beg our friends to stay away and give "outsiders" a chance.

CUBA AND THE ADMINISTRATION...No. VII.

IT is now more than twenty years since it happened to us to hold an argument on the Texas and Slavery question, during an afternoon and evening, with a gentleman of one of the F. F. V. He was a person of considerable intelligence, and quite above the vulgar prejudices and artifices which many a Northern disputant will not disdain to use in a discussion of the subject. For example, he scouted the idea of judging the negroes by the standards usually set up in this country. "Go to the plantation," said he, "and observe how they manage to obtain some comfort, or to escape a punishment, and the use they make of the means and opportunities within their reach, and I am bound to say that you will find in them a degree of cunning and address which cannot be surpassed by men of any race. It is silly to pretend that they are not capable of taking care of themselves. I know instances where they take care of their masters, and all their masters' concerns, buying, selling, planning and ordering on large estates; and they will carry a great number of business items in their heads, and sum them up with quickness and accuracy which bookkeepers can't beat." Still, this man was in the bond of iniquity in respect to the rightfulness of slavery. Like a majority of the eminent men of Virginia who had sat in her Constitutional Convention a few years before, he denied the Declaration of Independence, denied the natural equality of men, denied that there were any original principles in politics, and maintained that governments were founded on the right of the strongest, and upon their judgment of what was necessary and expedient. As proof of this, he remarked that women and minors were, by common consent, disqualified to elect or be elected to office, although, according to those abstract principles, about which there was such a deal of empty verbiage, they had as good a right to exercise the functions of self-government as any other citizens. The predominant force of society had wisely and justly determined otherwise. Precisely on this ground the South bought, sold, held and drove their slaves. In the end, he avowed that his first wish for our country was that she might get not only Texas, but all the West Indies; restore slavery in them, where it had been abolished; *extend to them our domestic slave trade, and prohibit the African*. Not long after our interview, he laid down his life, fighting for the cause he loved, in the everglades of Florida. Professor Dew, since President of William and Mary's College in Virginia, expressed substantially the same noble aspiration, in his elaborate dissertation on Slavery, a work now forgotten by most men, but to which he was supposed, at the time, to be indebted for the academical honour and profits which he still enjoys.

To effect the second grand movement, and far the most decisive one, toward the accomplishment of this long-cherished wish of Virginia slave-generators and human flesh-jobbers, an unprovoked and murderous war is to be waged upon Spain, our generous friend and ally in the struggle for our independence; and the most unclean and accursed of slave trades is to be substituted and perpetuated in lieu of the less pernicious and demoralizing, and, at all events, now expiring, traffic of Cuba. And there are distinguished men in England, called Reformers, and in America, called Abolitionists, and, it cannot be doubted, are sincerely so, who proclaim their impatience to witness the result, though they take Pilate's precaution to wash their hands of the unjust and bloody means proposed for its attainment. We entreat them to reconsider this awful and tremendous question. Need we tell them that their approbation even of the *end*, under existing circumstances, may be taken, and *has been* taken and used by the infatuated and unscrupulous men who are engaged in the guilty enterprise, as a sanctification of the means, may turn the scale in favour of their persistence in crime, and contribute essentially to their success? Know they not that it is of the very essence, and one of the least of the sins, of such miscreants, and their editorial abettors, to quote the approval which pure and exalted men may accord to the design and end of their machinations, while they give to the winds of heaven, or the blasts of a lower place, all the modifications and restraints with which justice and humanity accompany and qualify and neutralize such approval. Henry the Second wished that he was rid of Becket, and that incautious expression caused his murder, and to the king his greatest remorse and humiliation.

We think that we have presented sufficient evidence to prove, especially in connection with very recent declarations of the Spanish Government, and the active preparations for the accession, and, indeed, actual arrival of thousands of free labourers, that the African slave trade in Cuba will very soon cease forever. The late revolution in Spain is a guaranty of that consummation. It has long been understood that the profligate Queen Mother, formerly Queen Regent, was personally interested in Cuban slave-trading, and received regularly a large private income from it. One of the most odious of English tyrants, James the Second, set her the example. Such coincidences show the identity in spirit of the despotism of the slavemonger with the political despotism which marks the monarch as a preëminent scourge of human kind. We may now reasonably hope that this malign influence has ceased, or, rather, that it has been converted into an additional incentive to annihilate the traffic. Nor can it be doubted that the same blow which demolished the slave pirate's barracoon, must, in its ultimate effect, prostrate the entire fabric of Cuban slavery, inasmuch as both subsist in contravention of the same laws of Spain, and the same treaties with England. Slidell, Mallory, Perkins, Christian, Buchanan and Soulé, who have the ineffable effrontery to talk about the *Africanization* of Cuba, understand this. Strange, that friends do not! Besides, the United States authorities in the city of New York seem at last to be waked up, or scared up, to some action against the upper-ten pirates, and the romantic and merry Captain Canots, of that city, in whose hands, we feel quite confident, is now mainly concentrated the slave trade of Cuba, and the remaining foreign slave trade of the whole Western World. The arrest of the wealthy and respectable Mr. Glover is a good omen. Perhaps now, as was said by Cicero, in the case of the rich and respectable Nerres, it will, at least, be made apparent to the world that what has been wanting was not a criminal, but justice and adequate punishment. Thus much for the prospects of slave trade in Cuba, if our pernicious hands are kept off. How will it be if the untimely and untoward wishes of our friends are not realized?

A slave traffic will be immediately opened between the United States and Cuba, the principal difference between which and the Africans will be: *first*, that the slaves will come from Virginia instead of Guinea; *secondly*, that they will be begotten and reared for the market, and sold by their fathers and brothers, instead of being kidnapped or captured in war, which are much the most Christian and respectable methods; and, *thirdly*, that the new traffic will be removed from the operation of the British treaties, the range of British guns, the influence of the British nation, the prohibition and penalties of the Spanish law, and the probable anti-slavery policy of the liberal men who have lately acceded to power in Spain.

There is one important part of the case which our friends, who imagine that any possible good can accrue to the coloured man from the annexation of Cuba to the United States, appear to have overlooked, viz., the interests and wishes of the numerous and respectable free coloured population of the island. In many more respects than with us even in the free States, and beyond all comparison in the slave States, they are legally and socially on an equal footing with the whites. They have great opportunities and encouragement to accumulate property, and do accumulate their tens and hundreds of thousands; likewise to educate themselves and their children up to the highest points of modern culture. If the free coloured men of Cuba are not the incapable brutes and wretched poltroons which American despisers are fond of imagining, they, and their women too, will meet an invasion from this country with exterminating fire, nor permit it to advance and to triumph except over their dead bodies. By such invaders, and with Cuba a slave State of this Union, we do assure them, with all sincerity, that their beautiful and happy island home would be converted into a real pandemonium. D. L. C.

ERRATA. In No. 6, for "Buxton," read *Burton*; for "Home Department," *Treasury* Department.

From our Boston Correspondent.

☞It will be seen that this letter was prepared for our last number, from which it was necessarily excluded by the press of matter previously on hand, particularly Mr. Sumner's Speech. We shall hope to hear further from our Correspondent on the refusal of Governor Gardner to remove Judge Loring, now that it is a fixed fact.

NO. CLXVII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent in Babylon, and why he cometh—Specific against fire from Heaven—How he came—And how he slept—He quoteth Wordsworth—Also Hood—His vicinity to Heaven and his opinion thereof—Also of the World—Judge Curtis and the knot-hole—Attorney Hallett and the noose—Lord Hategood and Christian and Hopeful—An Attorney's opinion of a Judge—The Correspondent bemoaneth his hard case—He pointeth out an error in his last—He complaineth of the devil—Yet commendeth him—Rejoiceth at vote of Senate on Loring Address—Speculateth as to action of Governor—Judge Loring's reversionary possibilities—The Correspondent wisheth him success—And why—His opinion of the Hiss business—And of the House—Glass windows and houses and pocketable rocks—Indecent caricatures of Governor Gardner, &c., &c., &c.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, New York, May 8th, 1855.

I HAVE just arrived in this Sucking Babylon of yours, merely to add one to the small company of saints whose annual visit is supposed to be all that keeps the fire and brimstone from coming down and devouring you all up. I came by the new Boat Commonwealth, which is the newest miracle of Steam-palaces afloat, or, rather, the newest but one, for I was told there was a more astonishing one yet to take her first trip yesterday from Fall River—"the Metropolis." The Commonwealth, however, is very sufficient. Its saloon is like the nave of the Crystal Palace, and its roof is almost as high. Its upholstery is as fine as money can make it—a kind of floating St. Nicholas. The State-rooms are the largest I have seen, with very good wide berths. Indeed, I never before so fully realized the truth of that fine line of the late Mr. Wordsworth, where he says,

"Our *berth* is but a sleep and a forgetting!"

For, in fact, my usual experience of berths had led me to regard them as anything else than either of those things. But, last night, I found that the bard had sung wisely and well, for I slept all night and did n't remember anything at all.

I fortunately found myself *en rapport* with a very agreeable party. The weather was rather cold and damp, but, as we took our May along with us, we did not mind it, as "our sunshine was within." This Hotel is one on the European plan—so much for your room, and pay for what you have. I will pronounce as to the merits of this plan over the American way in my next. I can only say I am not at all in poor Tom Hood's case when he thought it "little joy, to find himself farther off from Heaven than when he was a boy!" For, I protest to you, from my boyhood upward I never have found myself so near to Heaven as at this present writing, and I find no great joy in it, neither. But I am promised a speedy promotion downwards towards the earth. I cry your mercy for this grovelling earthward propensity of mine. You know I am a terrestial animal of the most terraqueous description, well content to hold on by this good planet as long as I honestly may. Indeed, I don't think I am at all singular in this. For, though I have known many pious persons who had a high opinion of Heaven and seemed to know a great deal about it, I never yet saw one that was in any hurry to get there. For my part, I have no doubt that there is "a *better* world elsewhere"; but I don't believe there can be a more *entertaining* one anywhere. than this.

The city which I left yesterday afternoon, and of whose current history I am the recording angel, is by no means the least entertaining part of this most diverting of all possible worlds, just now. We have not yet done laughing at the comic agility with which Judge Curtis wriggled himself backwards through the infinitesimal knot-hole he had spied out for himself (as it is said he boasts), and at the funny rage and despair of Mr. Attorney Hallett, when he found that his ringleader had slipped his own neck out of the noose and left him ridiculously dangling in his room, a laughing-stock to all beholders. Vanity Fair must be on the mend, when Lord Chief Justice Hategood makes a flaw in the indictment of Hopeful and Christian, and sends them on their pilgrimage again, tweaking Mr. Attorney's nose by way of garnish. It is no wonder that that good man should be angry and yet sin not. It is said that he is loud-voiced in his malcontentment and spareth not to speak evil of dignities. Men say that he talketh in this vein (I omit the expletives, as I cannot believe them to have been used, for reasons contained in my last). "It is too bad. After that infamous charge of Judge Curtis's—for it *was* an outrageous one—last June, and instructing me to find indictments against the Faneuil Hall speakers, to turn and put his foot on the indictments, throwing all the blame on me, just because he found the cat was jumping in a different way from what he had expected!" For, you must know, that Judge Curtis, with Judge Sprague assenting, intimated that though the flaw on which he quashed the indictment was all sufficient for the purpose, it was by no means the only one. It was very damaging to poor Hallett's professional character, which was the greater pity, inasmuch as it is by far the best character he has. And then to lose his daily fee through a succession of trials, stretching before his prophetic vision, like Banquo's descendants, "to the crack of doom!" Here was an infinite loss, besides shame and dishonour.

By the way, just here, I would call the attention of your readers and of posterity to a slight misprint in my last letter. When defending Mr. Hallett from the imputation of profane cursing and swearing, on the ground of his high standing in a low (or evangelical) Episcopal Church, I intimated that his slave-catching pursuits were not at all inconsistent with the most shining piety, inasmuch as Divines of all shades of belief had proved that catching negroes was one main object of the mission of Christ and the Apostles. Or something to this effect—for I have not the paper with me. Now, as the devil would have it (*printer's* devil, of course, you understand), instead of "*Christ* and the Apostles," it ran "*Curtis* and the Apostles!" This, I humbly submit, is a material deviation from the meaning of the sentence; though, certainly, a mistake which nothing less leaden than types could possibly make. If wit be, indeed, the unexpected bringing together of dissimilar ideas, your compositor stumbled upon a very good thing. But I wish future editors and commentators to take notice of this correction, and govern themselves accordingly.

You have recorded the honourable action of our Senate in the Loring Removal matter. Twenty-eight to eleven is surely a good working majority, as politicians say. The vote has gone on from good to better, and I trust will yet reach the superlative stage of the comparison. The House passed the Address by one or two short of two-thirds, the Senate by much more than two-thirds, and it is affirmed that the Council stand nine to two in favour of the removal, so that the whole responsibility now rests with the Governor alone. I cannot believe that he will refuse to do an act which is so loudly called for by the people—for these majorities rather under than over represent the general feeling on the subject. Of course, all sorts of influences are brought to bear upon him to make him pity the groans of Hunkerdom. He can hardly fail to know that he has offended his old friends too mortally ever to be forgiven. Any concession to them now would only add their contempt to their hatred. But it's of no use to speculate on this subject, as you will probably have his decision to publish in the same paper that will contain this letter. He need not be afraid of harming Judge Loring's pecuniary interests, for it is believed the President is keeping open the vacant place in the Court of Claims for him, in case he is removed. Nobody can object to *that*. It would be the crown seal of the whole business, and would relieve me at once of the engagement I offered to enter into that Judge Loring should never lack a joint of meat, a glass of wine and a clean shirt every day he had to live, should he be turned out. We don't want to have him suffer in his body. We only ask to have him disgraced. And, indeed, that has already been effectually done, let the Governor do what he will. The branding-iron has burnt down to the bone and it passes the power of Governors to take out the mark.

The nasty Hiss business yet hangs by the eyelids. I hope the eyelids will very soon let go their hold and let him drop. The House owe it to their own character and that of the State to expel him, and there an end. I suppose there never was a House of Representatives of more irreproachable character than this, and yet this "tainted wether," and one or two like him, has gone nigh to damage the character of the whole flock. And the enemies of the Know-Nothings have been watching and making the most of every slip and blunder. The *Bee* checked their zeal a little by intimating, if the Whigs were bent on throwing stones at the Know-Nothing windows, that it was in town with a pocket-full of rocks for the benefit of the glass house in which that immaculate party lived. And it just showed a specimen or two—certainly, if not made up for the occasion, of a very curious geological formation. And, by the way, to show what Governor Gardner has to expect from his enemies, I will mention that I saw, yesterday, a series of caricatures of him of the most indecently libellous character, for which, I am afraid, there was not the faintest pretence of ground. They, certainly, would justly subject the perpetrator to severe punishment if indicted for them. And I hardly see how the prosecuting officer can help taking notice of them. D. Y.

GALLANTRY OF THE OLD DOMINION.—The Washington correspondent of *The Pennsylvania Inquirer* writes:

"Within the past few days the University of Virginia has been the scene of incidents hardly creditable to the chivalry of the Old Dominion. Miss Beecher, an able and accomplished lady, the sister of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and of Mrs. Stowe, visited the vicinity of that institution. Her presence was soon known, and she was treated to a mock serenade, and Mrs. Stowe was burnt in effigy! How have the mighty fallen! George Washington, I well remember to have read, addressed a negro poetess in terms of respect, as 'Miss Phillis,' and raised his hat to a negro man to whom he would not yield the palm of politeness. The present generation of young men are far wiser and more chivalric. The authoress of the most affecting and truthlike story of the time is burned in effigy in Virginia, and her sister insulted, because she is her sister. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

WE learn, says the *Tribune*, from the *Rochester Democrat* that the Rev. F. Starr, Jr., a Presbyterian clergyman for three years past settled at Weston, Platte Co., Missouri, has arrived at Rochester, having been expelled from Weston by the same gang of Pro-Slavery ruffians who threw the types and presses of *The Parkville Luminary* into the river. They gave him notice to quit within two days under penalty of being lynched, and he deemed it prudent to leave. It does not appear that he had ever preached against Slavery, but only that he was a clergyman of Northern origin.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

WHEREAS, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are the inalienable rights of man, and he cannot justly be deprived of them without a forfeiture by some act of his; therefore,

1. Resolved, That the institution of chattel slavery which exists in the Southern States of this Union is a practical scheme against humanity, that has no parallel in the history of civilized nations, and ought to be immediately abolished.

2. Resolved, That American Slavery is antagonistic to the principles of Christianity and true democracy; therefore, all attempts to reconcile them or to make them coëxist in harmony, under the same social, political and religious institutions, is an insult to God and an outrage upon man.

3. Resolved, That the church or clergy which gives the slaveholder the right hand of Christian fellowship, aids in throwing around the infamous system a moral and religious character, that does more to sustain and uphold the institution than all other causes combined.

4. Resolved, That the action of Congress on the Missouri Compromise has thrown the national sanction around slavery in all the Territories in the United States, and opened the way to carry on the avowed objects of the Slave Power for the annexation of Cuba, with four hundred and fifty thousand slaves, every five of whom shall be counted in Congress against three free men; the revival of the African slave trade; the destruction of State rights, by overruling the power of the State Courts to protect freedom; and the virtual introduction of slavery into the free States and an assumed right to transit.

5. Resolved, That it is the duty of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, prohibit it in all the Territories, forbid the transit of slaves between the States on the national highways, and repeal all laws for the rendition of fugitives; that, under the Constitution, Congress has power to redress these wrongs, and, therefore, the North, with its majority in both houses, is directly responsible for their continuance.

6. Resolved, That republican self-government rests on the ballot; and the violent subversion of the ballot by Missourians in Kansas was treason to republicanism, and the natural fruit of the tyrannous system of slavery.

7. Resolved, That the Legislature should prohibit the use of our jails and the services of our officers in the return of fugitives, and should make it a penal offence for a resident of Ohio to hunt men who have risked all for freedom.

8. Resolved, That the language of our Constitution, "there shall be no slavery in Ohio," bars the odious claim to hold slaves while in transit through our State; that the recent violation of our Constitution, by taking innocent men in chains over our land, was a shameful insult offered to Ohio; that the duty of the Courts of Ohio is to apply the laws of Ohio, and that duty cannot be superseded by an apparent assent to servitude on the part of the alleged slave.

9. Resolved, That the manly and conscientious course of his Honour, Judge Parker, in the Rosetta case, has entitled him to the respect and esteem of every citizen of Ohio. And we tender our thanks to the eminent members of the Hamilton county bar, whose energetic and disinterested efforts so much conduced to the triumph of our laws.

10. Resolved, That the recent contempt of our State Courts by a United States Commissioner and Marshal, in arresting the child Rosetta, after she had been twice declared free, and the indorsement of the action of these officers by one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, were acts of Federal usurpation ominous of encroaching despotism, and demand the indignant reprobation of all who value justice and State sovereignty.

11. Resolved, that the unblushing efforts of the Rev. Dr. Lord of Dartmouth College, Rev. Nehemiah Adams of Boston, and other clergymen, to prove human slavery compatible with the Christian Religion, is the worst species of Atheism with which the Gospel of Jesus has to contend.

12. Resolved, That as the right of the slave to his freedom and the pursuit of happiness is unimpaired by the atrocious enactments by which he is held in bondage, we invite him to use the means that God has given him to escape, and we tender to him the assistance which we would ask were we in like circumstances.

13. Resolved, That if our laws declare it to be piracy to seize upon a man in Africa, and transport him as a slave to America, it is equally piracy, and should be as penally dealt with, to seize, under any circumstances, upon a man in Ohio and convey him as a slave to Kentucky or any other slave State.

Resolutions were also passed referring to the deaths of Samuel Lewis, Thomas Freeman and Mrs. Brisbane.

14. Resolved, That the State of Wisconsin, by her people, her legislature and her judiciary, has placed herself in an attitude worthy of admiration and the example of every sovereign State; and that we now turn our eyes towards her as the leader in the assertion and maintenance of the doctrine of State rights, hoping that, by the noble position she has taken, the arm of Federal usurpation shall not be allowed to break down the guarantees of either National or State Constitutions.

15. Resolved, That merit should be the only title to distinction; that if the coloured man be equal to the white in natural capacity he has a right to an equal position; but if he were inferior, it would be mean and cruel to aggravate the disadvantages of nature by opposing artificial obstacles to his improvement.

16. Resolved, That the central, life-giving principle of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise is the common brotherhood of all men, without regard to race, colour or religion; and that we bring reproach upon our cause, and our own fidelity into question, by uniting with or favouring any organization, recent or otherwise, based upon principles glaringly inconsistent with this fundamental truth, because it must necessarily aggravate, instead of mitigateing, the one sought to be cured; and, in fine, because it is opposed to justice, Humanity, Republicanism and the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

17. Resolved, Therefore, that we deprecate the action of a portion of the anti-slavery men of this country in identifying themselves with the new political movement popularly known as Know-Nothingism; that we feel it to be our imperative duty to oppose it, because it tramples down the doctrines of common brotherhood; because it avowedly ignores and subordinates the question of American Slavery; because it is palpably unjust to foreigners seeking homes of comfort and fields of enterprise on our shores; because its indiscriminate proscription of all Christians of the Romish faith is at war with the fundamental principles of Protestantism; because we abhor its guilty cowardice in veiling its deeds in darkness, in a land where the people rule, and discussion is free.

Ackowledgments.

Moneys donated at the Twenty-Second Anniversary of the American A. S. Society.

Mrs. Daniel Trimble, New York, N. Y.,	$11 00
J. & M. Post, North Hempstead, N. Y.,	10 00
Robert Purvis, Byberry, Pa.,	10 00
J. D. Yates, New York, N. Y.,	5 00
Mrs. Margaret —— New York, N. Y.,	5 00
J. T. White, New York, N. Y.,	5 00
J. & L. Wilbur, Easton, "	5 00
Joseph Carpenter, New Rochelle, N. Y.,	5 00
J. & A. Post, Rochester, N. Y.,	5 00
William Topp, Albany, N. Y.,	5 00
D. B. Morey, Boston, Mass.,	5 00
H. F. Morse, Angola, Ind.,	4 00
W. L. Garrison, Boston, Mass.,	3 00
Mariette Richmond, Harlemville, N. Y.,	3 00
W. H. Burr, New York, N. Y.,	3 00
Vesta Richmond, Harlemville, N. Y.,	1 00
George Sunter, Paris, Canada West,	1 00
A Southern Abolitionist,	1 00
George T. Downing, Providence, R. I.,	1 00
E. D. Wightman, Mystic, Conn.,	1 00
A. B. Taylor, "	1 00
Amos Waterman, Ledyard, "	1 00
Jane Beane, Darlington, Pa.,	1 00
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Edmund Quincy, Dedham, Mass.,	1 00
C. F. Hovey, Boston, "	1 00
S. May, Jr., Leicester, "	1 00
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J. S. Gibbons, " "	1 00
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S. H. Gay, " "	1 00
Maria D. Depeyster, New Brighton, N. Y.,	1 00
Benjamin Fish, Rochester, N. Y.,	1 00
A. J. Tarbox, " "	1 00
J. M. Langston, Oberlin, Ohio,	1 00
Joseph H. Lawton, Pittstown, N. Y.,	1 00
R. Burrill, Williamsburgh, N. Y.,	1 00
C. B. Crag, Jamaica, "	50
Phebe A. Pierce, Pleasant Vale, N. Y.,	50
Harriet Jacobs, Moodna, N. Y.,	50
J. McCune Smith, New York, N. Y.,	50
Esther Carpenter, Pleasant Vale, N. Y.,	25
Mrs. Tarbox, Ghent, N. Y.,	25
Phebe Ferguson, New York, N.Y.,	25
Louisa Coree, " "	25
William Goodell, " "	25
Friends, " "	11 29
PLEDGES.	
Francis Jackson, Boston, Mass.,	$200 00
C. F. Hovey, " "	100 00
W. Phillips, " "	100 00
W. A. Hall, New York, N. Y.,	100 00
L. Wetmore, " "	100 00
James Mott, Philadelphia, Pa.,	20 00
S. May, Jr., Leicester, Mass.,	20 00
E. D. Hudson, New York, N. Y.,	5 00
Mary Ann Griffin, 211 Sullivan-st., New York,	5 00
Mrs. A. Hagen, New York, N. Y.,	1 00
S. Toucy, " "	1 00
Henry Williams, " "	1 00
J. J. Simonds, " "	1 00

Special Notices.

☞ The Post Office address of AARON M. POWELL will be Ghent, Columbia Co., N. Y., until farther notice.

☞ The Annual Meeting of the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at Oxford (Friends' meeting-house), on Seventh day, the 26th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M. LIZZIE COATES, Rec. Sec.

☞ AARON M. POWELL, Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture in Columbia Co., N. Y., as follows:

Spencertown,............Saturday evening, May 19.
" ....Sunday afternoon, " 20.

☞ LECTURE OF THEODORE PARKER.—Theodore Parker will deliver a Lecture on the subject of Slavery, in Sansom Hall, Chestnut street, above Twelfth, in Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, the 22d inst., at 7½ o'clock. Price of admission, 25 cents.

☞ THE NEW YORK (City) ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will hold its Annual Meeting for the choice of officers at the Anti-Slavery office, 138 Nassau street, on Saturday, June 2d, at 3 o'clock, P. M. The members are all urgently invited to attend.

LAUREN WETMORE, President.

HENRIETTA W. JOHNSON, Rec. Sec'y.

☞ PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—Again this religious body sends fraternal salutations to the friends of Truth, Purity and Progress, in every part of the land, without distinction of sex, sect, party or colour, earnestly inviting their presence at its THIRD ANNUAL CONVOCATION, to be held in the new meeting-house at LONGWOOD, situated between the villages of Kennett Square and Hamorton, Chester County, Pa., commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., on FIRST DAY, the 20th of Fifth month, 1855, and continuing as long as the business claiming attention may require.

Joseph A. Dugdale,	William Barnard,
Martha Chambers,	Oliver Johnson,
Sidney Peirce Curtis,	Thomas Hambleton,
Thomas Curtis,	Hannah M. Darlington,

Committee of Arrangements.

Communications intended for the meeting, whether from individuals or associations, should be addressed to either or both of the Clerks, viz.: Joseph A. Dugdale and Sidney Peirce Curtis, Hamorton, Chester County, Pa.

Friends in the vicinity will be hospitable to strangers to the best of their ability.

A DEDICATORY MEETING will be held on the day previous to the Yearly Meeting, the 19th of 5th month (May), at 10 o'clock, A. M. Theodore Parker of Boston, and Professor Harvey of Philadelphia, have given assurances they will be present and address the meeting.

☞ ANNUAL MEETING.—The Third Annual Meeting of the Women's N. Y. State Temperance Society will be held in Stamford Hall, Auburn, on the 6th and 7th of June, 1855.

The opening session will take place on Wednesday, the 6th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when it is to be hoped there will be a full attendance of Members of the Society and friends of the cause.

Arrangements have been made to secure the attendance and aid of distinguished speakers of both sexes, and it is hoped that this gathering, held so soon after the passage of a Prohibitory Law by our Legislature, and just preceding the time at which that law takes effect, will be not only profitable, but highly interesting to all who may attend.

We cordially invite all Temperance Organizations, of whatever name, to send delegates to this meeting, and unite with us in our rejoicing in the triumph of a glorious common cause. We also cordially invite these representatives of fraternal Societies to come prepared to take part in our deliberations and aid us by counsel and encouraging words.

Come and celebrate with us the jubilee of the oppressed of the rum traffic, for whom the day of redemption is at hand; and with us devise means by which the blessings of the "Maine Law" may be secured to the people of this State.

The hospitalities of the citizens of Auburn have been generously tendered to the Executive Committee and Members of the Society, and to delegates from other organizations who may convene with us. As Auburn has many attractions, and our meeting is to be held at a most delightful season of the year, it is hoped that, together with these inducements, and the great claims and important interests of the objects of our meeting, the attendance may be large and enthusiastic. MARY C. VAUGHAN, President.

ANGELINA FISH, Cor. Sec'y.

N. B. New York exchanges and editors friendly to the cause are requested to copy the above call.

TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.—A rare chance now presents itself for obtaining a permanent scholarship in Antioch College, the possessor having the right to transfer to successive pupils. For terms, make early application to WM. C. NELL, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Advertisements.

SENSATION BOOKS!—This country has produced two genuine sensation books, both written by females—Uncle Tom's Cabin, and The Lamplighter. A third is soon to be added to the list, entitled

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COLOURED PATRIOTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

As a means of enlightening public sentiment on an interesting, but much-neglected, department of American History, the subscriber has been induced to mak a compilation of facts portraying the patriotism and bravery exhibited by Coloured Americans, on land and sea, in "the times that tried men's souls," embracing the old French War of '55, the Revolution of '76, the struggle of 1812, and subsequent periods. These facts have been gleaned from military records, State documents, private correspondence, and fireside conversations, confirmed by oral and written testimonies of John Hancock, Governor Eustis, the late Judge Story, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Hon. Tristam Burgess, Hon. Charles Pinckney, etc. etc., and by the tributes of Washington, Lafayette, Kosciusko, Thomas Jefferson and Gen. Jackson.

The subscriber is indebted for further interesting facts and testimonies to John G. Whittier (the Bard of Freedom); Wendell Phillips, Esq.; J. W. C. Pennington, D.D.; William Howard Day, Esq.; Rev. Theodore Parker; Charles Lenox Remond; Hon. Charles Sumner; Prof. Wm. G. Allen; Lydia Maria Child; James McCune Smith, M.D.; Hon. Henry Wilson; J. Mercer Langston, Esq.; David Lee Child, Esq.; Rev. Daniel A. Payne; Hon. Anson Burlingame; James M. Whitfield (the Poet); Robert Purvis, Esq.; Hon. J. R. Giddings; Rev. Henry Highland Garnet; Prof. Geo. B. Vashon; Edmund Jackson, Esq.; Robert Morris, Esq.; Rev. Amos G. Beman; Dr. M. R. Delany; William Wells Brown; Lewis and Milton Clark; Rev. Henry F. Harrington; the late Henry Bibb; Angelina J. Knox; Rev. John W. Lewis; Hon. Gerrit Smith; William Yates, Esq.; William J. Watkins, Esq., and several others.

The work will contain an extract from the Address of the National Convention of July, 1853, and will be interspersed with interesting sketches (public and personal) of the Battle of New Orleans, the Insurrection of Nat. Turner in Virginia, and Denmark Veazie in South Carolina, and the New York Plot of 1741, as in part detailed by Peleg W. Chandler, Esq., in his "Criminal Trials." Also, an account of the strikes for liberty by Joseph Cinquez, on board the Armistad; by Madison Washington, on board the Creole; and by the heroes of Christiana.

Among other contents of the work will be found proofs of the acknowledged Citizenship of Coloured Americans, with a Letter of Hon. Wm. H. Seward: an account of the proscription of coloured citizens by the Federal Government; New England Colonial action on the treatment of coloured persons, bond and free; sentiments of the coloured people on Colonization, the Fugitive Slave Law, and Self-Elevation; together with reminiscences of Phillis Wheatley, Paul Cuffee (Navigator), David Walker, Richard Bannekar (Astronomer), James Forten, J. B. Vashon, Richard Potter (Ventriloquist), Hosea Easton, David Ruggles (Hydropathist), Rev. Lemuel Haynes, and other celebrities.

The book will be graced with an introduction by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and illustrated by engravings of prominent historical events; among them, Crispus Attucks at the Boston Massacre, 5th March, 1770, and the Coloured American's valour on Bunker Hill. Also, a *fac simile* autographic certificate of General Washington, conveying an honourable discharge to a coloured soldier.

In the effort to publish this edition, a heavy responsibility (pecuniary and otherwise) has been assumed by the subscriber, which he believes will be appreciated by the friends of humanity and progress, who are invited by this circular to forward their names and subscriptions for copies.

Should sufficient encouragement be extended, the work will be issued in May, at the price of $1 per copy. On receipt of price, the book will be mailed (postage paid) to subscribers. WILLIAM C. NELL, 21 Cornhill.
Boston, April, 1855. my5-tf

MOTORPATHY.—Dr. H. HALSTED, the present proprietor of the Round Hill Mortopathic Water-Cure, at Northampton, Mass.—formerly of Rochester, N. Y.—well known for his success in the cure of chronic diseases, especially those incident to woman, is now at the St. Nicholas Hotel, where he will remain a few days, and receive calls. No charge will be made for consultation, Dr. Halsted's object being to attend some difficult cases to which he has been called, and to give the New York public a better opportunity of testing the merits of his system in the treatment of diseases without mechanical appliances, or any of the ordinary remedial means. He has treated within the past year some fifteen hundred patients at his Institution, which, though by far the largest private establishment for the sick in this country, has been found wholly inadequate for the accommodation of invalids seeking admission. He is now adding to his already 300 feet front a large four-story building. His bathing rooms occupy 150 by 40 feet. Motorpathy is the only effectual restorer of the constitution from the effects of dissipation, indulgence and over-exertion. Many forms of protracted diseases heretofore considered unmanageable are cured by its aid. Inhalation for lung diseases has been long practiced at this Institution. The success attending it has induced others to make it a speciality. Consultation hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

His work on Motorpathy will be sent postage free to any address on receipt of ten postage stamps; or it can be had of him while in the city, at 25 cents.

REFERENCES.—Rev. Dr. Cleveland, Northampton, Mass.; C. A. Hall, M.D., Hartford, Conn.; Capt. Willis Howes, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Nathaniel Hall, Dorchester, Mass.; C. W. Robert, No. 7 Lafayette Place, New York; W. D. Abbot, 441 Broadway, New York; Joseph Tucker, A. T. Stewart's Store, Broadway, New York; J. B. Treadwell, St. Nicholas Hotel, Broadway, New York; James O. Morse, Brooklyn, New York; S. S. Britton, Stanwix Hall, Albany, N. Y.; James Clarke, Hudson, N. Y.; Edward Doughty, Newark, N. J.; Hon. F. Cushing and Lady, Frankfort, Maine; W. G. Frye, Rockland, Maine; H. Barrett, Waterville, Maine; John C. Dodge and Lady, Chicago, Illinois; S. D. Elwood and Lady, Detroit, Michigan; A. G. Dana, M.D., Brandon, Vermont; H. H. Lee, Esq., Winchester, Virginia; Waterman Palmer, Pittsburg, Pa.; Wilson Page and Lady, Catskill, N. Y.; Maj. Wm. Austin, U. S. A., Rochester, N. Y.; H. S. Allis, P. M., Rochester, N. Y. f17-3m

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Milvale, Jan. 15, 1855. ja27-tf

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Miscellaneous Department.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

A paper read before the New York Historical Society, by Evert A. Duyckink Reported for the Evening Post.

In calling your attention, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Society, to a few notices of Philip Freneau, I shall briefly trace his literary career, and endeavour, within the prescribed limits of the evening, to exhibit as much as possible of the man. Though his life presented some unusual features, and had its full share of incident, yet, from the singular neglect which his memory has received, there is really very little known, in the usual way, about him. He obtained comparatively little personal attention from his contemporaries; critics were formerly not at all alive to his merits, for the most part, when they condescended to notice him at all, briefly despatching him as a writer of doggerel, more remarkable for the number than the excellence of his verses; while even in his own popular way he appears never to have attained the general repute and esteem through the country to which he was certainly entitled. The causes of this neglect may be readily found in circumstances which will detract nothing from his reputation. He was for a considerable portion of his life employed in his voyages at sea—for our poet was an American captain, one of that manly race who often enough, in their deeds of service and noble courtesies, act poetry, though they have very little time to write it. When he was on land, Freneau appears to have been for the most part in retirement in the country, indulging in a sailor's and poet's fondness for rural life. For a few years only, while he was engaged in editing a newspaper in Philadelphia and New York, can he be said to have been in public life. His poetry, too, was mostly local and occasional, of the meridian and latitude of New York, a kind of equatorial region in the country, in the matter of literary reputation, much subject to prolonged calms. Moreover, Freneau was a man of personal independence, who prided himself on his democracy, and cared nothing to conciliate favour or critical attentions. These circumstances will go far to explain the comparative novelty of the topic this evening.

Philip Freneau, the popular political versifier of the days of the Revolution, the newspaper advocate of the republican party afterwards, and a true poet in his best moments, was born in New York, in Frankfort street, January 2, 1752, of a family which had emigrated from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His Huguenot ancestors had been among the founders of the St. Esprit church, in Pine street, in this city. The house from which his grandfather was buried was formerly pointed out in Hanover square. In 1771, we find Philip Freneau a graduate of the college of New Jersey, in the same class with Madison, the future President, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy, and associated with a kindred spirit, Hugh Breckenridge (afterwards author of "Modern Chivalry"), in the composition and delivery of a poem on the "Rising Glory of America," animated and vigorous in description and sentiment, with a pleasing sketch of rural life, and other proof that, though a youthful college poem, it contained something more than the required declamation for the hour.

Several of Freneau's poems were produced as early as 1768, when he was in his seventeenth year. The "Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah," written with propriety and spirit, and the humorous tale of "The Village Merchant," bear that date.

We next hear of Freneau as a victim in the fortunes of the Revolution. He was taken prisoner by the British, and condemned to the barbarities of the prison-ship at New York, a treatment which he did not forget in his "Cantos from a Prison Ship" These are dated in 1780, and celebrate his capture on the coast of Delaware, in a vessel, gallantly described, in which he was sailing to St. Eustatia, by a British frigate, which carried him to New York. Here he speedily made the intimate acquaintanceship of the "Scorpion," moored on the Hudson, whose "mountain stream" sent no cooling breath to the victims in their ghastly dungeons. We see them stealing, from fever-stricken eyes, a glance at the woods of Weehawken.

> O'er distant streams appears the dewy green,
> And leafy trees on mountain tops are seen,
> But they no groves nor grassy mountains tread,
> Mark'd for a longer journey to the dead.

On the opposite side of the island was stationed the Hunter hospital ship, "a slaughter-house, yet hospital in name," where a Hessian doctor, remarkable for his stupidity, visited the prisoners.

> Some with his pills he sent to Pluto's reign,
> And some he blistered with his flies of Spain:
> * * * * * *
> On our lost comrades built his future fame,
> And scatter'd fate where'er his footsteps came.

When the merciful angel of death arrived, the prisoners were buried on the shore, and the poet invokes the tenderness of posterity for their graves; an appeal seemingly not now out of place, in view of the unfinished monument in mutilated memory of these things on Broadway, in the graveyard of Trinity, where others of these unfortunates are said to lie buried. Hear Freneau, in 1780, speaking to his fellow-countrymen and their posterity out of the heart of that misery:

> When to your arms these fatal islands fall
> (For first or last, they must be conquer'd all),
> Americans! to rites sepulchral just,
> With gentlest footstep press this kindred dust,
> And o'er the tombs, if tombs can then be found,
> Place the green turf, and plant the myrtle round.

At what time and in what way Freneau escaped from the prison-ship we are not informed; but we may gather some of his subsequent movements from the dates of his poems and essays. His prose sketches, "The Philosopher of the Forest," were first printed in the *Freeman's Journal* of Philadelphia, in November, 1781.

In 1782 he pens "A Discourse on Esquires," with a short Narrative of his Honour the President of the Debtors' Club, one of his prose essays. He also wrote "Rules how to avoid Creditors, Sheriffs, Constables," &c., a topic sufficiently significant of a famished purse. In 1784 we have "Lines written at Port Royal, in the Island of Jamaica," and the next year some verses, "The Departure," in which he takes leave of the Hudson for a sea voyage, from which we may infer that he had already some pretensions to the title of Captain, by which he was generally known in his latter days. His "Journey from Philadelphia to New York by way of Burlington and South Amboy," written in verse, shows an intimate acquaintance with nautical slang. His "New Year's Verses, written for the Carriers of the *Columbian Herald*," are dated Charleston, January, 1786. At one time Philip Frenau commanded a vessel sailing out of that port. In 1789, we find an advertisement in the New York *Daily Gazette*, preserved in the collections of this Society, of the schooner Columbia, Philip Freneau master, for freight or charter to any free port in the West Indies.

The first edition of Freneau's poems was in 1786—"The Poems of Philip Freneau, written chiefly during the late War." It is very neatly printed, in a single duodecimo volume. In 1788 a second volume followed—"The Miscellaneous Works of Mr. Philip Freneau, containing his Essays and Additional Poems." This is the only volume of Freneau's writings which contains any of his prose compositions. It was published, as usual in those days, even for small duodecimo volumes, by subscription. De Witt Clinton takes a copy in New York, and John Pintard subscribes for two. Some of Freneau's best pieces are in this volume: "The Pictures of Columbus," "The Indian Student," "The Indian Burrying-Ground," "The Man of Ninety," and that delicate little poem, "May to April," which invites quotation by its appropriateness to the season:

MAY TO APRIL.

I.

> Without your showers
> I breed no flowers,
> Each field a barren waste appears;
> If you don't weep,
> My blossoms sleep,
> They take such pleasure in your tears.

II.

> As your decay
> Made room for May,
> So I must part with all that's mine;
> My balmy breeze,
> My blooming trees,
> To torrid suns their sweets resign.

III.

> For April dead
> My shades I spread,
> To her I owe my dress so gay:
> Of daughters three
> It falls on me
> To close our triumphs on one day.

IV.

> Thus to repose
> All nature goes;
> Month after month must find its doom!
> Time on the wing
> May ends the Spring,
> And Summer frolics o'er her tomb.

The prose essays are pleasant papers. They are at once simple and elegant in style, independent in thought, playful and humourous. They were for the most part written with the signature of Robert Slender, whom the author took the liberty of burying, that he might publish his manuscripts. The "Advice to Authors," with which they open, is, with its playful irony, a fresh, manly essay.

"But I see no reason," says the young author, Freneau, "that, because we are all striving to live by the same idle trade, we should suffer ourselves to be embittered against each other, like a fraternity of rival mechanics in the same street. Authors (such I mean as are not possessed of fortune) are at present considered as the dregs of the community: their situation and prospects are truly humiliating, and any other set of men in a similar state of calamitous adversity would unite together for their mutual defence, instead of worrying and lampooning each other for the amusement of the illiberal vulgar. And I cannot do otherwise than freely declare, that where the whole profits of a company amount to little or nothing at all, there ought not, in the nature of things, to be any quarrelling about shares and dividends."

The volume embraces the usual repertory of the essayist, in description, apologue and gentle satire. One of these time-honoured inventions, consecrated by Voltaire and Goldsmith, is an account of the "Voyage of an Otaheite Indian," who visits foreign countries at the command of his sovereign, and reports upon their absurdities on his return. A paragraph will show its spirit, a corrective for hasty observation, which may still be of service to ethnologists: "During the time of eating, we were encircled by a number of black people of both sexes, who had green branches in their hands, which we at first supposed were emblematical of peace and friendship, but we soon after discovered were only meant to brush away the flies from our victuals."

The third publication of Freneau's writings was made by himself at his press at Monmouth, New Jersey, in 1795, and is much the most complete collection. It is an octavo volume of four hundred and fifty-six pages, and contains nearly three hundred articles in verse, in most of the popular forms of composition, of description, tale, satire, song and epigram.

The next edition of the Poems, a revision of the whole, was issued by subscription, in two volumes, in Philadelphia, 1809. This contained two translations from Ovid and Lucretius. In 1815, a fourth publication appeared from the press of Longworth, of New York, in two eighteenmo volumes, "A Collection of Poems, on American Affairs, and a variety of other subjects, chiefly Moral and Political; written between the year 1797 and the present time." The title-page appeals to the war-feeling of the period, while the contents show that Freneau had lost nothing of his national ardour with age. He is still sensitive to the feelings of the times, and celebrates most passing themes, from the death of a Russian Empress to the rebuilding of Nassau Hall, with a genial compliment to Samuel Stanhope Smith, and the city encroachments on the Hudson river. The military events of the war are his special care, as he devotes himself to the denunciation of the foe and the encouragement of his countrymen, frequently mingling with his higher themes the humourous incidents of the camp.

A large portion of Freneau's occupations must be looked for in his employments upon the press.

In 1791, Freneau edited the *National Gazette*, in Philadelphia, a journal supported in opposition to *Fenno's Gazette*, under the influence of Hamilton. At the same time, Jefferson, then Secretary of State, gave him a post in his office, of translating clerk. Hamilton did not relish the attacks of Freneau in his paper, which he described as "intemperately devoted to the abuse of the Government and all the conspicuous actors in it, except the Secretary of State and his coadjutors, who were the constant theme of his panegyric," and commented strongly upon the impropriety of Jefferson's official support of the editor, in a series of political attacks, signed "An American," and contributed to the *Gazette of the United States*, in August, 1792. The articles are published in the Hamilton Correspondence. From these it appears that "Mr. Freneau, before he came to Philadelphia to conduct the *National Gazette*, was employed by Childe & Sprague, printers of the *Daily Advertiser* in New York, in the capacity of editor or superintendent," and that the first number of the *National Gazette* appeared under his direction October 31, 1791. The New York *Daily Advertiser* of October 26, had the announcement: "We hear from Philadelphia that the Hon. Thomas Jefferson, Esq., Secretary of State for the United States, has appointed Captain Phillip Freneau interpreter of the French language for the Department of State."

On these facts, and some hearsay evidence, Hamilton made his charge against Jefferson of controlling the paper, and using the patronage of his office for the support of its editor. Jefferson in a letter to Washington, dated September 9, 1792, disposes of this matter. While the government, says he, was at New York, he was appealed to on behalf of Freneau, to know if there was any place within his department to which he could be appointed. There was no vacancy, but when the removal to Philadelphia took place, Mr. Pintard, the translating clerk, did not choose to follow, so Freneau succeeded him, with a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. As for the connection with the paper, Jefferson said he gave Freneau the preference for the office "as a man of genius," as he had recommended Rittenhouse, Barlow and others, to Washington; that he was anxious that the material parts of the *Leyden Gazette* should be republished; and as Freneau's newspaper arrangements offered facilities for the publication, he gave them to him; that he had procured subscriptions for his paper, and in advance, but that he had never written, or dictated, or been instrumental in furnishing a line for the journal.

On occasion of the great entertainment given to Genet, in Philadelphia, in 1793, after his mutilated reception by the President, citizen Freneau was present, and was requested to translate the French ode written by Duponceau, the singing of which was one of the items of this extraordinary festivity. Freneau was a great advocate of France through that period, and annoyed Washington by his assaults on the administration. There was "that rascal Freneau," said he, "sent him three papers every day, as if he would become the distributor of them, an act in which he could see nothing but an impudent design to insult him."

The *Gazette* was published till the conclusion of a second volume and the second year.

Freneau had a genius for newspapers. At his own press at Mount Pleasant, near Middletown Point, May 2, 1795, "and of American Independence nineteen," as he adds, he published the first number of his *Jersey Chronicle*, on eight small quarto pages of the precise size of seven inches by eight. His address "to the Public" is, as usual, very neat—commencing with a motto from Horace in reference to his rural press—"*Inter sylvas Academi quærere verum*," and with an inviting announcement of the design.

It is from some such printing-office as that which sent forth his *Jersey Chronicle*, that we may fancy Freneau indicting his poem of the "Country Printers," a purely American description of the village and associations of the place: the arrival of the old-time coach, the odd farrago of the editor's page, the office itself:

> Here lie the types, in curious order rang'd,
> Ready alike to imprint your prose or verse;
> Ready to speak, their order only chang'd,
> Creek-Indian lingo, Dutch or Highland Erse;
> These types have printed Erskine's "Gospel Treat,"
> Tom Durfey's songs, and Bunyan's works, complete:

and the editor himself—with something more than a suggestion to Philip Freneau. The change from the State-house to Saratoga, in his stanza, is a powerful thrust of satire:

> He, in his time, the patriot of his town,
> With press and pen attack'd the royal side,
> Did what he could to pull their lion down,
> Clipp'd at his beard, and twitched his sacred hide,
> Mimick'd his roarings, trod upon his toes,
> Petted young whelps and tweak'd the old one's nose.
>
> Rous'd by his page, at church or court-house read,
> From depths of woods the willing rustics ran,
> Now by a priest, and now some deacon led
> With clubs and spits to guard the rights of man:
> Lads from the spade, the pick-axe or the plough,
> Marching afar, to fight Burgoyne or Howe.
>
> Where are they now?—the village asks with grief,
> What were their toils, their conquests or their gains?
> Perhaps, they near some State-house beg relief,
> Perhaps they sleep on Saratoga's plains;
> Doom'd not to live, their country to reproach
> For seven years' pay transferr'd to Mammon's coach.

Freneau's next newspaper adventure was in the *Time-Piece*, the publication of which he commenced at New York in 1797, and continued part of the time in association with the late Matthew L. Davis. For a long time it was admirably sustained by Freneau, whose tact at administering to the tastes of the public was shown in the skill of the sections and the general elegance of the material. There were news of the day carefully digested, biographies, correspondence, anecdotes and occasional poems *ad libitum*. The politics were republican for both sides of the water. If Freneau was hard-pressed by an adversary he could always bring his muse to his aid, as in this sharp hit at Cobbett, in the paper of September 13, 1797, in reply to "a despicable mess of scurility in one of Porcupine's Gazettes of last week, in which he mentions he was plagued with the *Time-Piece* for several months," coupled with the explanation that the *Time-Piece* had at first been sent to Porcupine, according to editorial custom, "till finding the hoggishness of the fellow in not consenting to an exchange, the transmission was discontinued."

> From Penn's famous city what hosts have departed,
> The streets and the houses are nearly deserted,
> But still there remain
> Two Vipers, that's plain,
> Who soon, it is thought, yellow flag will display;
> Old Porcupine preaching,
> And Fenno beseeching
> Some dung-cart to wheel him away.
>
> Philadelphians, we're sorry you suffer by fevers,
> Or suffer such scullions to be your deceivers;
> Will Pitt's noisy whelp
> With his red foxy scalp
> Whom the kennels of London spew'd out in a fright,
> Has sculk'd over here
> To snuffle and sneer,
> Like a puppy to snap, or a bull-dog to bite.
>
> If cut from the gallows, or kick'd from the post,
> Such fellows as these are of England the boast,
> But Columbia's disgrace!
> Begone from that place
> That was dignified once by a Franklin and Penn,
> But infested by you
> And your damnable crew
> Will soon be deserted by all honest men.

Captain Freneau, having concluded his active political career and his voyages to Madeira and the West Indies, passed his latter days in New Jersey, occasionally visiting New York, where he saw his friends in the democratic ranks of the day.

Of his associations and appearance at this time we have a pleasing reminiscence in an original sketch, kindly written in answer to our inquiries on the subject, by our honoured fellow-member, Dr. John W. Francis.

"It were easy," says Dr. Francis, "to record a long list of eminent citizens who ever gave him a cordial welcome. He was received with the warmest greetings by the old soldier, Governor George Clinton. He, also, in the intimacy of kindred feeling, found an agreeable pastime with the learned provost of the American Protestant Episcopate, who himself had shouldered a musket in the Revolution, and hence was sometimes called the fighting bishop. They were allied by classical tastes, a love of natural science, and ardour in the cause of liberty. With Gates he compared the achievements of Monmouth with those at Saratoga. With Colonel Fish he reviewed the capture of Yorktown; with Dr. Mitchill he rehearsed, from his own sad experience, the physical sufferings and various diseases of the incarcerated patriot of the Jersey prison-ship; and descanted on the Italian poetry and the piscatory eclogues of Sannazarius. He, doubtless, furnished Dr. Benjamin Dewitt with data for his funeral discourse on the remains of the 11,500 American martyrs. With Pintard he could laud Horace and talk largely of Paul Jones. With Major Fairlie he discussed the tactics and chivalry of Baron Steuben. With Sylvanus Miller he compared notes on the political clubs of 1795–1810. He shared Paine's visions of an ideal democracy. With De Witt Clinton and Cadwalladar D. Colden he debated the projects of internal improvement and artificial navigation, based on the famous precedent of the Languedoc canal.

"I had, when very young," continues Dr. Francis, "read the poetry of Freneau, and as we instinctively become attached to the writers who first captivate our imaginations, it was with much zest that I formed a personal acquaintance with the revolutionary bard. He was at that time about seventy-six years old, when he first introduced himself to me in my library. I gave him an earnest welcome. He was somewhat below the ordinary height; in person thin, yet muscular, with a firm step, though a little inclined to stoop; his countenance wore traces of care, yet lightened with intelligence as he spoke; he was mild in enunciation, neither rapid or slow, but clear, distinct and emphatic. His forehead was rather beyond the medium elevation, eyes a dark gray, occupying a socket deeper than common; his hair must have once been beautiful, it was now thinned and of an iron gray.

"He was free of all ambitious displays; his habitual expression was pensive. His dress might have passed for that of a farmer. New York, the city of his birth, was his most interesting theme; his collegiate career with Madison, next. His story of many of his occasional poems was quite romantic. I told him what I had heard Jeffrey, the Scotch reviewer, say of his writings, that the time would arrive when his poetry, like that of Hudibras, would command a commentator like Gray."

Some time after the conclusion of the war of 1812, a number of Freneau's MS. poems, of which he had many, were consumed by fire, in the destruction of his house at Mount Pleasant.

That he was not indifferent to his reputation, the several collections of his writings prove, and we learn from the venerable engraver on wood, Alexander Anderson, still living among us—it gives me much pleasure to mention his name in this society—that Freneau once applied to him to calculate the cost of an illustrated volume of the poems, which he found too great for his purse.

Freneau died December 18, 1832. The circumstances of his death were thus announced in the *Monmouth* (New Jersey) *Inquirer*: "Mr. Freneau was in the village, and started, towards evening, to go home, about two miles. In attempting to go across he appears to have got lost and mired in a bog-meadow, where his lifeless corpse was discovered yesterday morning. Captain Freneau was a staunch whig in the time of the Revolution, a good soldier and a warm patriot. The productions of his pen animated his countrymen in the darkest days of '76, and the effusions of his muse cheered the desponding soldier as he fought the battles of freedom."

The poems of Freneau represent his times, the war of wit and verse no less than of sword and stratagem of the Revolution, and he superadds to this material, a humorous, homely simplicity peculiarly his own, in which he paints the life of village rustics, with their local manners fresh about them, of days when tavern delights were to be freely spoken of, before temperance societies and Maine laws were thought of; in those good old times when men went to prison at the summons of inexorable creditors, and when Connecticut deacons rushed out of meeting to arrest and waylay the passing Sunday traveller. His description of a New England Sabbath-day chase added much to the mirth of the last generation. A few lines from its opening will bring it to the memory of many of those present:

> On a fine Sunday morning I mounted my steed
> And southward from Hartford had meant to proceed;
> My baggage was stowed in a cart very snug,
> Which Ranger the gelding, was fated to lug;
> With his harness and buckles he loom'd very grand,
> And was drove by young Darby, a lad of the land.
> On land, or on water, most handy was he,
> A jockey on shore, and a sailor at sea,
> He knew all the roads, he was so very keen,
> And the Bible by heart, at the age of fifteen.
>
> And thus I jogg'd on, to my saddle confined,
> With *Ranger* and *Darby* a distance behind;
> At last in full view of a steeple we came,
> With a *cock* on the spire, (I suppose he was game;
> A dove in the pulpit may suit your grave people,
> But always remember—a cock on the steeple.)

When the pleasantries of the day were exhausted, and the impulses of patriotism were gratified in song, when he had paid his respects to Rivington and Hugh Gaine, whose frailties and humours he has embalmed in some of the cleverest of his verses, he solaced himself with higher themes, in the version of an ode of Horace, a visionary meditation on the antiquities of America, or a sentimental effusion on the loves of Sappho. These show the fine tact and delicate handling of Freneau, who deserves much more consideration in this respect from critics than he has ever received. A writer from whom the fastidious Campbell, in his best day, thought it worth while to borrow an entire line, is worth looking into. It is from Freneau's "Indian Burying-Ground," the last image of that fine visionary stanza:

> By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
> In vestments for the chase array'd,
> The hunter still the deer pursues,
> The hunter and the deer—a shade.

Campbell has given the line a rich setting in the "lovelorn fantasy" of "O'Conor's Child":

> Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
> In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
> A son of light—a lovely form,
> He comes and makes her glad;
> Now on the gras-green turf he sits,
> His tassel'd horn beside him laid;
> Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
> *The hunter and the deer a shade.*

There is also a line of Sir Walter Scott which has its original in Freneau. In the introduction to the third canto of *Marmion*, in the apostrophe to the Duke of Brunswick, we read:

> Lamented chief!—not thine the power
> To save in that presumptuous hour,
> When Prussia hurried to the field,
> And snatched the spear but left the shield.

The last line occurs in one of the most delicately touched of Freneau's national poems.

TO THE MEMORY

Of the brave Americans under General Green, in South Carolina, who fell in the action of September 8, 1781.

> At Eutaw springs the valiant died:
> Their limbs with dust are covered o'er—
> Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
> How many heroes are no more!
>
> If in this wreck of ruin they
> Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
> O smite thy gentle breast, and say
> The friends of freedom slumber here!
>
> Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain,
> If goodness rules thy generous breast,
> Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
> Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest!
>
> Stranger, their humble graves adorn:
> You, too, may fall and ask a tear;
> 'Tis not the beauty of the morn
> That proves the evening shall be clear—
>
> They saw their injured country's woe;
> The flaming town, the wasted field;
> Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
> *They took the spear—but left the shield.*
>
> Led by thy conquering genius Greene,
> The Britons they compell'd to fly;
> None distant view'd the fatal plain,
> None griev'd, in such a case, to die—
>
> But, like the Parthian, fam'd of old,
> Who, flying, still their arrows threw;
> These routed Britons, full as bold,
> Retreated, and retreating flew.
>
> Now rests in peace, our patriots band;
> Though far from Nature's limits thrown
> We trust they find a happier land,
> A brighter sunshine of their own.

An anecdote, which the late Henry Brevoort was accustomed to relate of his visit to Scott, affords assurance that the poet was really indebted to Freneau, and that he would not, on a proper occasion, have hesitated to acknowledge it. Mr. Brevoort was asked by Scott as to the authorship of certain verses on the battle of Eutaw, which he had seen in a magazine, and had by heart, and which he knew were American. He was told that they were by Freneau, when he remarked, the poem is as fine a thing as there is of the kind in the language. Scott also praised one of the Indian poems.

The pages of the poet Moore would not be discredited by the verses Captain Freneau wrote on one of his shipping visits to Madeira out of Charleston in 1803, at a time when politics, as the phrase is, ran high in that region:

A Bacchanalian Dialogue written in 1803.

> Arrived at Madeira, the island of vines,
> Where mountains and valleys abound,
> Where the sun the mild juice of the cluster refines,
> To gladden the magical ground:
>
> As pensive I stray'd in her elegant shade,
> Now halting and now on the move,
> Old Bacchus I met, with a crown on his head,
> In the darkest recess of a grove.
>
> I met him with awe, but no symptom of fear
> As I roved by his mountains and springs,
> When he said with a sneer, "how dare you come here,
> You hater of despots and kings?"
>
> "Do you know that a prince, and a regent renown'd
> Presides in this island of wine?
> Whose fame on the earth has encircled it round,
> And spreads from the pole to the line?
>
> "Haste away with your barque; on the foam of the main,
> To Charleston I bid you repair;
> There, drink your Jamaica, that maddens the brain,
> You shall have no Madeira—I swear.
>
> "Dear Bacchus," I answered, for Bacchus it was,
> That spoke in this menacing tone;
> I knew by the smirk and the flush on his face
> It was Bacchus, and Bacchus alone:
>
> "Dear Bacchus," I answered, "ah, why so severe?
> Since your nectar abundantly flows,
> Allow me one cargo—without it, I fear,
> *Some people* will soon come to blows.
>
> "I left them in wrangles, disorder and strife,
> Political feuds were so high,
> I was sick of their quarrels, and sick of my life,
> And almost requested to die."
>
> The deity, smiling, replied, "I relent:
> For the sake of your coming so far,
> Here, taste of my choicest—go, tell them repent,
> And cease their political war.
>
> "With the cargo I send, you may say I intend
> To hush them to peace and repose;
> With this present of mine, on the wings of the wind
> You shall travel, and tell them, here goes
>
> "A health to old Bacchus! who sends them the best
> Of the nectar his island affords,
> The soul of the feast and the joy of the guest,
> Too good for your monarchs and lords.
>
> "No rivals have I in this insular waste,
> Alone will I govern the isle,
> With a king at my feet, and a court to my taste,
> And all in the popular style.
>
> "But a spirit there is in the order of things,
> To me it is perfectly plain,
> That will strike at the sceptres of despots and kings,
> And only king Bacchus remain."

On the subjects of democracy and the dethronement of monarchs, of whatever country, Freneau's visions were not at all limited. He little suspected, however, that the time would come when King Bacchus himself would be laid low. He as little thought that the rich exuberance of the Madeira grape, which he describes, would fail, as that people would ever be found in this world so utterly demented as to refuse drinking the product. Now the newspapers tell us that the vines are dead on the sunny slopes of Madeira; and we all know, in the rapid progress which a certain great question has made, that no gentleman can be found at our clubs or suppers, who would drink the detestable fluid, if he could get it.

But it is to New York that we should turn for materials from which to estimate the humours and the genius of Freneau. In his poem on "American History," he has a contrasted sketch of the progress of New England, gliding into a compensatory account of the Dutch, with a glimpse of the island of Manhattan during the Revolution, full of spirit and energy.

With these various merits, these delicate sensibilities and genial humours, it is not to be denied, however, that Freneau was sometimes careless. He lived and thought with improvidence. His jests were sometimes misdirected; and his verses were unequal in execution. Yet it is not too much to predict that through the genuine nature of some of his productions, and the historic incidents of others, all that he wrote will yet be called for, and find favour with a late posterity.

MODERN POETRY AND MODERN HEROISM.

From the Eclectic Review.

Lastly, we mention the scholastic mind that reads human life in books, and has so long poured over the records of the past that the eyes have become dim, so that it has to look through spectacles on the life of to-day, in which it sees little or no poetry. Yet we hold that although these may never catch a glimpse of it, or see it only through a glass darkly, this living, breathing, working, warring world of ours—this mystery of human life that fills the nineteenth century, is as full of poetry and all poetic elements as any life—any century of any past. Is not the world full of poetry, revelations of beauty, written by the fingers of the Everlasting, on the hills and the woods, the ripe waving corn, the flowers that start up at the voice of spring, the starry skies of winter, the auroral hues of summer dawns, the magnificent ocean, the secrets contained in the bosom of the earth, in the clouds that voyage about the summer skies like barks of beauty, in the song of the bird, and in the happy temperament of the bee, that will suck honey from the thistle, and sweets from the furze on the desolate moor; in the southern wind, sighing out its soul among the pines; in the summer night's voluptuous aromas; in the voice, smile, step of woman; her silent heroism, her unconscious self-sacrifice; in the child's lisped endearments, and in a thousand other things? Yes, in all the wise and wondrous arrangements of creation, there is poetry as lofty now as when the Psalmist cried out in the fullness of his heart, "O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things." He that hath eyes to see, let him see.

Until the poet Wordsworth came, who would have believed that so much beauty existed in the despised common things of the earth? But he, watching with a patient eye of love, found a secret meaning and a soul of loveliness where other passers-by had seen nought but blank nothingness. Just as the many pass by some human face and think it plain—perhaps ugly—until the true lover comes, and finds an unfathomable beauty there. In like manner did Burns reveal the beauty and the poetry that lurk amongst the people in the beauty of humanity. It is a part of the poet's work to pluck the veil from hidden loveliness, to find language for the unuttered thoughts; and the world is at the present time full of such ambrosia for the poet's soul, and material for poetry. He who can see no poetry in the present would never have seen any in the past, if he had lived in it when it was the present. In no one of the elements translatable into poetry do we find the bygone time to have been superior. Take, for example, that physical bravery and prowess in arms celebrated with such such pomp and pæan in the olden epic strains, and we can find a match for it. Think for a moment of that magnificent death parade of our light cavalry brigade on the heights of Balaklava, with the fame of which the world still rings—where some seven hundred men, at the word of command, rode, with bloody spur and unblenching heart, straight through the gaping gates of death with a proud light on their faces, as though they had caught the smile of the angel Duty that hovered over them there. To parallel the feat of heroism we must go back to those three hundred Spartans who in that summer dawn sat "combing their long hair for death" in the passes of Thermopylæ, and who went there to die at the command of their country. And surely a more noble daring, a more conquering valour, never flashed out in the old days of Greece and Rome than was manifested at Alma and Inkermann. Nor can the history of the whole world show an instance of sublimer fortitude, or more glorious courage, than was shown by that regiment of British soldiers lost with the ship Birkenhead. When it was known that the vessel was doomed, and fast sinking, the troops were mustered on deck by command of their officers. There they stood to arms each man by his bayonet, facing the coming death as calmly as if they were on parade. They saw the women and children put into the boats. There were no boat for them. Nevertheless, not one of them moved to snatch a selfish chance at life. Down, down, and down went the ship, but that band of heroes stood firm and calm. Each heart knew its own bitterness, and was busy with its own peculiar sorrow, with the last thoughts of home and friends far away, or with a silent prayer to God above; but not a cry was uttered, with death only an arm's length from them. As the ship gave her last lurch, they fired a salute, and went down, each still in his ranks as the waves closed over them. The past cannot show us a greater tragic triumph. No; the poet need not turn to the past to show us the heroism, the chivalry, the martyrdom, the suffering, and the victories that make up the glory of humanity. They may be all discovered in the manifold life of to-day, or in that marvellous human heart which is beating beneath it.—*Article: Arnold's Poems.*

ODE ON THE SPRING.

BY GRAY, AUTHOR OF THE ELEGY.

> Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
> Fair Venus' train, appear,
> Disclose the long-expected flowers,
> And wake the purple year!
> The Attic warbler pours her throat,
> Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
> The untaught harmony of Spring;
> While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
> Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
> Their gathered fragrance fling;
>
> Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
> A broader, browner shade;
> Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
> O'er-occupies the glade,
> Beside some water's rushy brink,
> With me the Muse shall sit and think,
> (At ease reclined in rustic state),
> How vain the ardour of the crowd!
> How low, how little, are the proud!
> How indigent the great!
>
> Still is the toiling hand of Care;
> The panting herds repose;
> Yet, hark! how through the peopled air
> The busy murmur grows!
> The insect youth are on the wing,
> Eager to taste the honied Spring,
> And float amid the liquid noon;
> Some lightly o'er the current skim,
> Some show their gaily gilded trim,
> Quick glancing to the sun.
>
> To Contemplation's sober eye,
> Such is the race of man;
> And they that creep, and they that fly,
> Shall end where they began.
> Alike the busy and the gay
> But flutter through life's little day,
> In Fortune's varying colours dressed;
> Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
> Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
> They leave, in dust to rest.
>
> Methinks I hear, in accents low,
> The sportive, kind reply:
> "Poor moralist! and what art thou?
> A solitary fly!
> Thy joys no glittering female meets,
> No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
> No painted plumage to display.
> On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
> Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
> We frolic while 't is May."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY!

BY THE SOLOMON IN ORDINARY TO THE BRITISH NATION.

I.

An umbrella upon thine arm may make it ache, but should rain come, the umbrella will preserve thy clothes. Choose betwixt a trifling pain and a tailor's bill.

II.

Other persons were born about the same time as thyself, and have been growing up ever since, as well as thou. Therefore be not proud.

III.

Preserve few secrets from thy wife; for if she discover them she will grieve, not that thou hast kept from her thy secrets, but thy confidence.

IV.

Yet confidence may be misplaced, as when thou goest out in thin patent leathern boots, simply because the pavement before thine own door has dried.

V.

The girl who is destined to be thy wife, although now unknown to thee, is sure to be living somewhere or other. Hope, therefore, that she is quite well, and otherwise think politely about her.

VI.

Educate thy children, lest one of these fine days they educate thee in a school with no vacations.

VII.

O how good was Nature, that placed great rivers near great towns!

VIII.

A traveller, journeying wisely, may learn much. Yet much may also be learned by him who stays at home.

IX.

An insane person may lie to thee, and yet be innocent, and thou mayest lie to him, and be praiseworthy. Now all persons are somewhat insane, but do thou beware of lying as a general rule.

X.

Heat expands things, and therefore in hot weather the days are lengthened. Moral heats sometimes expand thy mind, but they tend not to the lengthening of thy days.

XI.

Say not that thou knowest a book until thou hast read it all. Yet some books thou mayest throw aside partially read. Herein thou judgest a criminal unheard. What then?

XII.

I do not say to thee, "Marry, for it will exalt thee," yet was there subtle meaning in those whose usage it was to say, "Marry, come up."

XIII.

Cool things are used to cure fever, yet the overcoolness of a friend's act will throw thee into heat.

XIV.

We know nothing, and yet it is knowing something to know that thou knowest nothing.

XV.

By a conceit, a certain red fly hath been called a Ladybird, and bidden to fly away home. The counsel is good, even to her who is neither bird nor fly. There is no place like home.

XVI.

He who always holds his tongue will one day have nothing else to hold. Yet it is not good to be over-garrulous.

XVII.

The weather-cock, working easily, can tell thee the way of the wind, but if the weather-cock sticks, the course of the wind will not be influenced thereby. Remember this.

XVIII.

If thy heart is in the Highlands, it is not here.

XIX.

Virtuous love is wholesome. Therefore be virtuous, to make thyself worthy of self-love. Not, of course, that thou art thereby prevented from loving somebody else.

XX.

Talk to thyself, and insist on a reply, yet not before the world, lest it think that nobody else will talk to thee.

XXI.

A cat, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct course. No more does a truth, O friend; but winding round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently—and then perhaps scratches.

XXII.

A stitch in time saves nine. If therefore thou feelest one in thy side, be thankful, O friend.

XXIII.

Love the moon, for she shines in the night, to give us light in the dark, whereas the sun only shines in the day time, when there is plenty of light, and his assistance is not wanted. Such is the difference between real and false charity.

XXIV.

Solomon knew several things, allowing for his age, but I could teach him a few others.—*Punch.*

Diogenes makes Mr. Barnum exhibit the Emperor at the Crystal Palace, and speaks as follows: Ladies and Gentlemen: This is the celebrated Emperor of France, Louis Napoleon the Third—not long since President of the French Republic, and formerly special constable in the New-road, London. *(The Emperor smiles complacently.)* This figure, ladies and gentlemen, is connected with the celebrated Napoleon Bonaparte—whom you have all heard of, and some of you may have on your chimney-pieces at home, done in plaster of Paris. *(The Emperor cocks his hat and folds his arms across his breast.)* You will observe, ladies and gentlemen, that the manner in which this figure stand is precisely the same as that of the illustrious N. B. His bosom is stuffed with padding, in order to resemble the natural expansion of his uncle's; the arms are folded over it, between the second and third button; the right leg is slightly advanced, and bent at the knee; and the head is directed downwards, as though contemplating some object below the horizon. *(Confidentially)*—But, sir, bless you, *he's* no more contemplating anything than I am. *(In his customary voice)*—You will also perceive, ladies and gentlemen, that there is a strong likeness in this figure to the other, especially about this part—*(pointing to the nose)*. Ladies and gentlemen, by pulling a string at the back of this figure, called Policy, I could put it through such a variety of strange and ludicrous antics as would not fail to amuse and instruct you. As, however, you will no doubt see more of it hereafter, I will not detain you by that part of the performance. And besides, ladies and gentlemen, when I remind you that this figure is the same which a few years since you denounced as an impostor, a Brummagem Napoleon, a jackanapes, an idiot, and other complimentary nomenclature, and which you are now pleased to call illustrious, noble, beneficent, ruler of destinies, the favoured of heaven, &c., it is obvious that such plastic imaginations and vivid fancies need no artistic aid from me to define its characteristics. *(During this speech Barnum kept his stick pointed towards the Emperor, who has been bowing incessantly to the people.)*

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

INTERESTING PASSAGE FROM HER AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

From the London Weekly Chronicle, April 28.

The following extracts from a letter addressed by Mrs. Stowe to a friend in this country, in answer to an inquiry for some particulars of her early life, give an account of the origin of the world-renowned "Uncle Tom's Cabin." After a playful description of her personal appearance—an account of her marriage with Professor Stowe, at the age of twenty-five—her settlement at Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, in Ohio, and the increase of her family, she says:

"The most beautiful of these (her children) and the most beloved lies buried near my Cincinnati residence. It was at his dying bed, and at his grave, that I learnt what a poor slave mother may feel when her child is torn from her. In the depths of my sorrow, which seemed to me immeasurable, it was my only prayer to God that such anguish might not be suffered in vain.

"There were circumstances connected with this child's death of such pecular bitterness—of what might seem almost cruel suffering—that I felt I could never be consoled for it, unless it should appear that the crushing of my own heart might enable me to work out some great good to others.

"His death took place during the cholera summer, when in a circle of five miles around me nine thousand were buried—a mortality which I have never heard exceeded anywhere.

"My husband, in feeble health, was obliged to be absent the whole time, and I had sole charge of a family of fifteen persons. He could not return to me, because I would not permit it; for in many instances where parents had returned from a distance to their families and the infected atmosphere, the result had been sudden death, and the physician warned me that if he returned, it would only be to die. My poor Charlie died for want of timely medical aid; for, in the universal confusion and despair that prevailed, it was often impossible to obtain assistance till it was too late.

"I allude to this bereavement because I believe that much that is in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had its root in the awful scenes and bitter sorrows of that summer. It has left now, I trust, no trace in my mind, except a deep compassion for the sorrowful, especially for mothers who are separated from their children.

"During the long years of struggling with poverty, sickness, and a hot, debilitating climate, my children grew up around me. The nursery and the kitchen were my principal fields of labour. Some of my friends, pitying my toils, sent some of my sketches to certain liberally-paying annuals, with my name. With the first money that I earned this way I bought a feather-bed! For, as I had married into poverty, and without a dowry, and as my husband had only a large library of books, and a great deal of learning, this bed and pillows were thought, on the whole, the most profitable investment.

"I now thought I had discovered the philosopher's stone; and when a new carpet or mattrass was needed, or when, at the close of the year, it began to be evident that my family accounts, like Dora's, 'wouldn't add up,' then I used to say to my faithful friend and factotum, Anna, who shared all my joys and sorrows, 'Now, if you'll keep the babies quiet, and attend to all the things in the house for one day, I'll write a peice, and then we shall be out of the scrape.' And so I became an authoress! Very modest at first, I do assure you and remonstrating very seriously with the friends who had thought it best to put my name to my productions by way of getting up a reputation.

* * * * * *

"During my life at the West, I lived two miles from the city of Cincinnati, in the country; and domestic service, not always to be found in the city, is next to impossible to be obtained in the country, even by those who are willing to give the highest wages. So what was to be expected for poor me, who had very little of this world's good to offer? Had it not been for my inseparable friend Anna, a noble-hearted English girl, who landed on our American shores in destitution and sorrow, and who clave unto me as Ruth unto Naomi, I had never lived through all the toil which this uncertainty and absolute want of domestic service imposed upon me. You may imagine, therefore how glad I was when about a dozen families of liberated negroes came and settled in our vicinity. They became my favourite resorts in cases of emergency.

"If anybody wants to have a black face look handsome, let them be left as I have been—in feeble health, in oppressive hot weather, with a sick baby in arms, and two or three other little ones in the nursery, and not a single servant in the whole house to do a single turn. And then, if they should see any good Aunt Frankie coming in, with her honest, bluff, black face, her long, strong arms, her chest as big and stout as a barrel, and her hilarious, hearty laugh—perfectly delighted to take one's washing and do it at a fair price—*they would appreciate the beauty of black people.*

"My cook, poor Eliza, was a regular epitome of slave life in herself; fat, easy, gentle, loving and loveable; always calling my modest house 'The Place,' as if it had been a plantation with 700 hands on it. Her way of arranging the kitchen was at first like Dinah's, though she imbibed our ideas more rapidly, and seemed more ready to listen to my suggestions than did that dignitary. She had lived through the whole sad story of a Virginian-raised slave's life. She must have been, in her youth, a very handsome mulatto girl. Her voice was sweet, her manners refined and agreeable. She was raised in a good family, as nurse and sempstress.

"When the family became embarrassed, she was suddenly sold to be sent to a plantation in Louisiana. She has often told me how, without any warning, she was forced into a carriage, and saw her little mistress screaming and stretching her arms from the window towards her as she was driven way. She has told me of scenes on the Louisiana plantations, and how she has often been out in the night by stealth, ministering to poor slaves who have been mangled or lacerated by the whip. From Louisiana she was sold into Kentucky, and her last master was the father of all her children. On this point she always maintained a delicacy and reserve which, though it is not at all uncommon among slave women, appears to me remarkable.

"She always called her master her husband, and spoke of him with the same apparent feeling with which any woman regards her husband; and it was not till after she had lived with me some years that I discovered accidentally the real nature of the relation. I shall never forget how sorry I felt for her, nor my feelings at her humble apology—'You know, Mrs. Stowe, slave women can't help themselves.' She had two very pretty quadroon daughters, with beautiful hair and eyes—interesting children, whom I had instructed in the family school with my children.

"Time would fail to tell you all I have learned incidentally of the slave system, in the history of various slaves who came into my family, and of the workings of the underground railroad, which I may say runs through my barn."

The happiness of man arises more from his inward than his outward condition; and the amount of good in the world cannot be much increased but by increasing the amount of goodness.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber informs the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, No. 156 Race street, below Fifth, where he intends to keep an assortment of new and second-hand Carriages for sale or exchange, or to hire. Carriages made to order on moderate terms. Carriages sold on commission. Carriages neatly repaired.
GEO. DODD, Philadelphia.

CHARLES C. JACKSON, Tailor, N. E. corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public to his establishment, where a constant assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the best quality, will be kept ready to make up to order in the best manner and on the most accommodating terms.

DEPUY'S Spring Garden Carpet Store has been removed from 136 Spring Garden street to the S. W. corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, and supplied with a largely increased stock of Velvet, Brussels, Thread-ply, Ingrain and Venitian Carpets; Oil Cloth, Druggets, Shades, &c., which will be sold cheap, wholesale and retail.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby-Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bounp Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmnanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer
130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET.—Fowlers Wells & Co., Phrenologists and Publishers, 231 Arch street, below Seventh, Philadelphia, furnish all works on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Magnetism and Phonography, wholesale and retail, at New York prices. Professional examinations, with charts, and full written descriptions of character, day and evening. Cabinet free.

MERRIHEW & THOMPSON, Printers, Have Removed to Nos. 2 and 4 Merchant street, above Fourth (first street S. of Market), Phila. Plain and fancy Jobbing, such as Bill Heads, Circulars, Cards, Handbills, Apothecaries' Labels, &c. &c., and Book and Pamphlet work, neatly and promptly executed.
Special attention given to the printing of Periodicals.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lock picks, Hobbs included.

LADIES' BOOT and SHOE STORE. Business Enlarged.—The subscriber has constantly on hand, at wholesale or retail, or will make to order, Ladies Misses' and Children's English or French Lasting Gaiter Boots, together with a large assortment of Morocco, Kid and Leather Boots and Shoes, of the best materials and workmanship, which he will sell low for cash.
N. B. Goodyear's Gum Shoes, a pure article, always on hand. W. C. PARKER,
No. 91 N. Sixth st., east side, 3 doors below Race st., Phila.

CONFECTIONERY.—Leatitia Bullock, No. 89 N. Sixth st., Phila., respectfully informs her friends and the public that she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the very best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.
☞Parties and families furnished at short notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail.
Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

FAMILY COAL YARD, Broad street, second yard above Spruce street, Philadelphia. Coal from the best mines, expressly for family use, free from dust and slate, kept dry, and 2240 lbs. given to the ton. The best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Red and White Ash, and of all sizes, kept constantly on hand. We would be obliged to our anti-slavery friends if they would give us a call. Orders left at the Anti-Slavery Office, 31 North Fifth street, or sent through the dispatch, will be promptly attended to. ELLISON NEWPORT & CO.

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